PARANORMAL UNDERGROUND®

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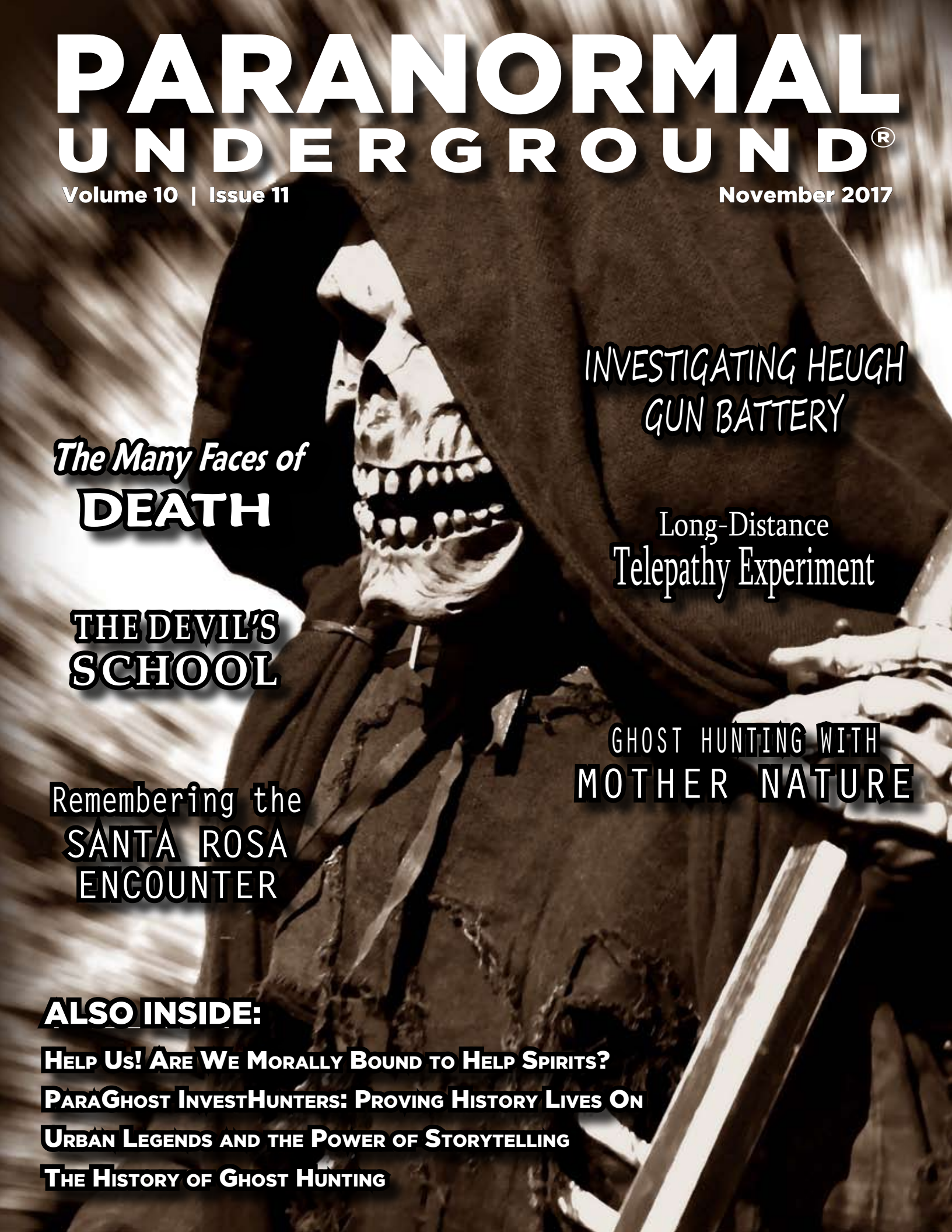

INVESTIGATING HEUGH GUN BATTERY

The Many Faces of DEATH

Long-Distance Telepathy Experiment

THE DEVIL'S SCHOOL

GHOST HUNTING WITH MOTHER NATURE

Remembering the SANTA ROSA ENCOUNTER

ALSO INSIDE:

HELP US! ARE WE MORALLY BOUND TO HELP SPIRITS?

PARAGHOST INVESTHUNTERS: PROVING HISTORY LIVES ON

URBAN LEGENDS AND THE POWER OF STORYTELLING

THE HISTORY OF GHOST HUNTING

ASHLEY PAGA
NEVER FE
THE REAPE
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NEVER FEAR
THE REAPER:
THE BARGAINING
THE HUNTRESS, THE MEDIUM, THE
SHARP SHOOTER, THE TRAITOR, AND
THE FALLEN . . .
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WINTER M. BALEFIRE

Winter has been an occultist and paranormal researcher for nearly 20 years. She has been published repeatedly since 2009 and has also been the subject of interviews regarding both areas of expertise.

Writing and witchcraft have always remained close to Winter's heart, feeling both require a profound understanding of one's self and environment. When she's not exploring the macabre and bizarre, Winter enjoys reading tarot, as well as writing poetry and short stories. All of her work can be viewed on her Website.

http://www.winterbalefire.com/

BOB FOUNTAIN

As an investigator and evidence analyst with Spectral Tech, Bob and the team help their clients find answers while helping to educate them about the paranormal in the process.

As a special projects manager primarily involved in process engineering, and because documentation and analysis is paramount to serious investigations, Bob was drawn to take more than a passing interest and become actively involved in the study of different paranormal phenomena. He has a bachelor's degree in applied organizational management and a bachelor's in metaphysical science from the University of Metaphysics. Bob is also an ordained minister/metaphysical practitioner with the International Metaphysical Ministry.

http://www.spectraltech.org/

KAREN FRAZIER

Karen is a psychic medium and author. Her published paranormal books include *Higher Vibes Toolbox: Vibrational Healing for an Empowered Life*, *Dark of Night in the Light of Day: The Art of Interpreting Your Dreams*, and *Avalanche of Spirits: The Ghosts of Wellington*.

Karen holds a bachelor's and master's in metaphysical science from the University of Metaphysics and a Ph.D. in metaphysical parapsychology from the University of Sedona. She is an ordained minister/metaphysical practitioner with the International Metaphysical Ministry and a Usui Reiki Master/Teacher. She has completed courses in energy healing, including quantum touch, crystal healing, sound healing, and aromatherapy.

http://www.authorkarenfrazier.com/

WILLIE WINDWALKER GIBSON

Willie is a shaman and supernatural consultant. He works by himself, as well as with his wife, Schmon. He belongs to the Paranormal Clergy and Dominion Ministries. Willie is the author of two books detailing his 50-year journey in the paranormal, *The Shaman Windwalker* and *Soul Warriors*.

Willie has appeared on A&E's *Cursed: The Bell Witch* and CMTs *Most Shocking Ghosts*. He also hosted his own public access show in Louisville, Kentucky, for 12 years, called *Spiritual Gifts and Wonders*. In addition, he has his own group of sensitives, called Soul Warriors, who are based all over the US.

ORRIN GREY

Orrin is a writer, editor, amateur film scholar, and monster expert who was born on the night before Halloween. His stories of ghosts, monsters, and sometimes the ghosts of monsters have appeared in dozens of anthologies, including *The Best Horror of the Year*, and been collected in *Never Bet the Devil & Other Warnings* and *Painted Monsters & Other Strange Beasts*, while his writing on horror cinema has been collected into *Monsters From the Vault*.

https://orringrey.com/

PAUL HARRISON

Paul is a full-time writer and author of 36 books. A retired police officer, he uses investigative techniques to uncover new facts to help rationalize myths and legends. Paul has traveled extensively, researching tales and legends surrounding the pharaohs' curse and has spent a considerable time in Egypt committing to archaeological digs.

As an active member of the world's explorer society and the mystery and imagination group, he is a popular speaker at events and conferences, discussing the darker side of humanity in particular. He has previously carried out expeditions to the Congo, in search of the world's last known dinosaur, and to the Amazon, in the footsteps of missing explorer Percy Harrison-Fawcett.

ELAINE KELLY

Elaine founded Spectre Detectors in 2010. Currently, the group is mainly made up of psychic mediums. Its aim, along with catching evidence of spirit, is to teach people that investigating isn't frightening if done respectfully and with honest intention. A lot of the team's evidence can be seen on YouTube.

http://www.spectre-detectors.co.uk/

JACK KENNA

Jack is a member of S.P.I.R.I.T.S. of New England and San Diego Ghost Hunters. He grew up in New York in an area rich in documented haunted graveyards, historical buildings, and Revolutionary War Battlefields. The haunted home he grew up in and now raises his family in also helped to pique his interest in the paranormal. During his current paranormal investigations, Jack uses scientific investigation methods and relies on his 30-plus years as a senior engineering technician and project leader for the Department of the Army.

Jack has appeared on *Paranormal Survivor* and *Haunted Case Files* TV series. When Jack is not working on one of his other projects, you can find him giving lectures and attending paranormal events and fundraisers throughout New England.

CHERYL KNIGHT-WILSON

Cheryl is editor-in-chief of *Paranormal Underground* magazine and producer of *Paranormal Underground Radio*. She has more than 25 years of experience as a professional writer and editor and has published hundreds of articles on topics ranging from advanced technology to paranormal investigation. Cheryl's previous magazine experience includes roles as senior and managing editor for several niche publications.

https://paranormalunderground.net/

MORGAN LINEBERRY

Morgan is a graduate from the University of North Carolina in Greensboro where she obtained a bachelor's degree in English. She has a normal day job and is not affiliated with any paranormal groups, Websites, or businesses.

She loves to write and maintains a healthy fascination with all things paranormal thanks to experiences with the unexplained that she has experienced throughout her life. Morgan knows a little bit about a lot of paranormal topics from research she has done throughout her life. She pledges to keep you up to date about what is going bump in the night via *Paranormal Underground's* monthly news column.

MICHELLE M. PILLOW

Michelle is a *New York Times* and *USA Today* bestselling author writing in many fiction genres, including the Dragon-Shifter series *Dragon Lords* and *Captured by a Dragon-Shifter* and the mischievously magical *Warlocks MacGregor*. A skeptical believer, she has a fascination with anything paranormal.

Michelle loves to travel and try new things, whether it's a paranormal investigation of an old Vaudeville theater or climbing Mayan temples in Belize. She has a BGS in history/business with an English minor and a photography degree. She is the co-owner of www.TheRavenBooks.com.

http://michellepillow.com/

RAINBOW RADAELLI

Rainbow is a paranormal, abductee, and cryptid researcher along with her husband, Michael. She is an experiencer herself, dealing with paranormal phenomenon since childhood. The silk road of life has led Rainbow in many directions: cowgirl, medicine woman, gypsy, belly dancer, and truth-seeker. All directions have paralleled each other, finally coming together in Rainbow's articles, research, and blogs.

http://truthseekerhighway.com/

PAUL SCHROEDER

Abductions and their remnant elusive memories have opened all this for Paul, a confirmed atheist until he saw aliens float him out of his body, in his bed, at night. Then he knew that they were interested in an essence that he never suspected that he had: a nonphysical soul.

"Our spiritual powers that interest and addict interdimensionals are the very powers that can be used to thwart further attacks," according to Paul. "They infect auras with attachments to themselves and ride the reincarnation roller coaster with human beings, as a sanctuary, to avoid the death that they fear and to steal the spiritual recycling that we have."

KRYSTLE VERMES

Krystle is a long-time paranormal enthusiast and professional writer with a bachelor's degree in print journalism. When she isn't composing pieces for her own paranormal blog, GetSpooked.net, she's recording her popular podcast, *All Day Paranormal*.

http://getspooked.net/

MICHAEL WHITE

Michael is a team leader, researcher, and investigator for Paranormal Research & Investigations. His interest in the paranormal began at age seven with his first paranormal encounter where he was thrown across a room by an unseen entity.

His paranormal interests include research into hauntings, ESP, PK, OBE experiences, UFOs, and cryptozoology. Having served in the military for 21 years, Michael utilizes his experience with surveillance and data collection in the pursuit of researching the unknown.

http://www.pri-wa.com/

CHAD WILSON

A freelance writer, Chad is the publisher of *Paranormal Underground* magazine and co-producer of *Paranormal Underground Radio*. His interest in the paranormal led to the creation of www.ParanormalUnderground.net.

Chad has investigated with East Tennessee Paranormal Research Society and counts Waverly Hills Sanatorium, the Villisca Axe Murder House, Bobby Mackey's Music World, the Queen Mary, Queen Anne Hotel, Hotel Alex Johnson, and private residences among his investigations.

https://paranormalunderground.net/

JOHN YOUNG

John became a news reporter in the Marine Corps in the early '70s. He writes on a wide variety of subjects. Before that, he served in the US Army during the Vietnam War. After leaving the Corps, he worked in many other fields, including as a news reporter, photojournalist, editor on a weekly publication, surgical technician, truck driver, and route salesman security guard, among other jobs. But writing is what he likes best.

http://hubpages.com/@jy3502 ◆

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What's Causing the Rise of UFO Sightings in the U.S.?

Why are we so interested in the paranormal? Maybe it's the renewed focus on the paranormal that the 21st century has engendered and the greater acceptance of such phenomenon by the masses. Unidentified Flying Objects represent one such area of increased interest around the world, especially in the United States. And it seems as if sightings of UFOs in the U.S. are on the rise.

Chad Wilson, Publisher

Residents of the U.S. tend to report UFO sightings at a rate of 300 times more than anywhere else in the world, according to the National UFO Reporting Center (NUFORC). The trend started with an increase in the number of sightings in the 1980s and really took off beginning in the 1990s, with many of these sightings occurring in the Northeast, West, and Northwest U.S.. (Visit http://www.nuforc.org/ to read the latest reports on UFO sightings from across the U.S.)

One possible cause for the rise of UFO sightings in the U.S. is due to drones being confused for such craft, though the use of drones by enthusiasts didn't really take off until the early- to mid-2000s — so this does not account for earlier sightings when such technology did not exist.

Hoaxes represent another possible cause behind the recent increase in UFO sightings, especially in the growing number of YouTube videos depicting supposed extraterrestrial UFOs in action. With growing access to video editing technology, such as programs from Adobe, Corel, and Pinnacle, it was only a matter of time before faked footage was created. Keep in mind, though, that just because some might doctor video footage to appear real doesn't mean that all such videos are faked.

If alien life does exist, it could be closer than you think. It could be in a nearby star system, such as the planet Proxima B, which orbits its star within the habital zone and is theorized to contain water, one of the necessary building blocks for life. The planet orbits Proxima Centauri, a red dwarf star only 4.24 short light years away. For us, it would take an inordinate amount of time to reach Proxima Centauri at our current level of technology, but who's to say that any alien visitors aren't further along with their own technology and could swing by for a visit?

Some even think that life exists within our own solar system on planets like Mars and on moons, such as Europa, which orbits the gas giant Jupiter. Most of this life is believed to be simpler than our own, possibly microscopic in nature and non-intelligent. But we don't know for sure. This extraterrestrial life could very well be intelligent.

Another possibility exists: that we share our planet with other unknown intelligent life. This could include visitors from another planet or dimension or even a species of undiscovered intelligent life. Maybe they live among us or even beneath us, as some think, awaiting the right moment to reveal themselves.

This leads to the question of why we haven't discovered intelligent life in the Universe. It may be that we haven't come upon it yet. Or if that life is more advanced than we are, they may feel we aren't quite ready for such a revelation. And maybe the recent increase in sightings is a way to prepare our planet, by such beings, for the earth-shattering revelation that we are not alone in this universe. ◆

December 9–10
Walker Stalker Con: New Jersey
New Jersey Convention & Expo Center
Edison, New Jersey
http://walkerstalkercon.com/newjersey/

January 12-14, 2018
Marscon
Doubletree Williamsburg Hotel
Williamsburg, Virginia
http://www.marscon.net/wp/

January 12-15, 2018
HAuNTcon
Ernest N Morial Convention Center
New Orleans, Louisiana
http://hauntcon.com/

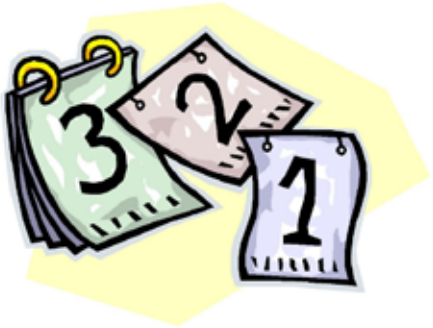
January 14, 2018
Winter ParaFest
Nashvilles
Henrietta, New York
https://www.facebook.com/pg/Winterparafest/about/?ref=page_internal

January 27, 2018
sQuatch Fest
Cowlitz County Expo Center
Longview, Washington
https://kelsolongviewchamber.org/squatch-fest/info

February 2-4, 2018
Days of the Dead: Atlanta
Atlanta Sheraton
Atlanta, Georgia
https://daysofthedead.com/atlanta/

February 9–12, 2018
Conscious Life Expo
LAX Hilton
Los Angeles, California
http://www.consciouslifeexpo.com/2018-expo/welcome_4.html

February 14–18, 2018
International UFO Congress Conference
We-Ko-Pa Resort and Conference Center
Scottsdale, Arizona
http://ufocongress.com/



February 17, 2018
Twinsburg Paranormal Conference
Twinhaven Reception Center
Twinsburg, Ohio
http://twinsburgparanormal.com/

February 24, 2018
SWFL UFO & Paranormal Conference
Araba Shrine Temple
Fort Myers, Florida
https://www.swflupc.com/

May 5–6, 2018
Paranormal Supernatural Conference
PPA Event Center
Denver, Colorado
https://constancecoo.wixsite.com/psc2018

May 17–19, 2018
McMenamins UFO Festival
Hotel Oregon
McMinnville, Oregon
http://ufofest.com/

June 1–3, 2018
Contact in the Desert
Venue TBD
http://contactinthedesert.com/

June 16, 2018
Minerva Monster Day
Minerva High School
Minverva, Ohio
http://minervamonsterday.com/

June 22–24, 2018
Alien Cosmic Expo
Toronto, Ontario
https://aliencosmicexpo.com/ ◆

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Summoning Ritual, ET Mummy, Playboy Paranormal, and Mutilated Cattle

By Morgan Lineberry

BLOOD MOON MOTHMAN

Loyal readers will probably recall the recent article I did featuring the eclipse and a glimpse at the insanity it caused. Well, I mentioned that the Mothman was spotted quite a few times around the dates of the eclipse. It has since come to my attention that I could be wrong, so, being the humble human being that I am, I will give you the alternate option, according to Tobias Wayland of The Singular Fortean Society. Here it is:

"A practicing witch in Chicago ... is concerned that a ritual performed by her and her partner during the September 2015 blood moon could be at least partially responsible for recent sightings of a bat-like flying humanoid in and around the city."

The ritual held at Lake Michigan was originally supposed to "honor the lake and moon" but became a sort of "summoning" at the end. The goal was to open a gateway between realities. While this sounds ominous the witch affirms that the ritual was "a beautiful experience." A door was drawn with the following words:

"May this ever be a door
For the good people
May all be always welcome."

And while things have the potential to go wrong during things like this, I am hopeful that whoever (or whatever) flew through that door is good and, since it makes for an interesting article, will continue to feel welcome into our reality.

EXTRATERRESTRIAL MUMMY

At the "Evento Mondiale A Roma Le Incredibili Mummie Deserto Di Nazca (World Event In Rome: The Incredible Mummies Desert Of Nazca)" there is something on display that even the most dedicated mummy fanatic has probably never seen before: a three-fingered mummy.

The DNA of this mummy, verified by five different labs, is "very close, but not identical, to human" DNA. The laboratories also confirmed that due to consistent chemical composition, "the body was not assembled from other bodies or bones." Furthermore, CT scans have confirmed that these creatures (plural!) were "living, non-human beings that did not suffer from mutilations (like skull elongation) or genetic defects."

If all of that is not odd enough, one of the females even appeared to have eggs inside of her. Now, I understand that humans, like all living creatures, have changed

over time — evolved to suit their environments — but unless it is determined that humans evolved from Tyrannosaurs Rexes (fun fact: T-Rexes had three fingers on their tiny hands), I believe we can safely determine that these beings were not human.

Naturally, the "owners" are being very "restrictive" of the mummies. No tests have been done on the eggs yet. Also, they are not being properly preserved. Strange. It is almost like they want the mummies destroyed before a full range of tests can be done.

THE HAUNTED MANSION

No, not the movie. According to Paul Dale Roberts, the Playboy Mansion is haunted. Since Hugh Hefner has (as Roberts so cleverly words it) "moved [on to] the magnificent Playboy Mansion in the sky," there is speculation that the mansion in California is haunted.

Admittedly, when I first stumbled upon this theory I laughed. I mean, why on earth would the Playboy Mansion be haunted? The answer, reportedly, is that the mansion is suffering from a "residual haunting," which is paranormal activity caused by energy, either highly negative or highly positive, that "will imprint permanently into the surrounding atmosphere."

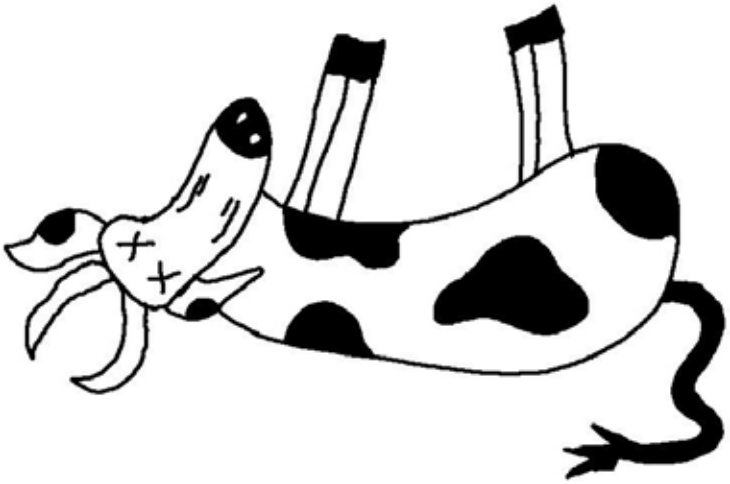
Patrons have reported seeing "an older man wearing a top hat and black suit" and "scantily dressed women" who fade as the person watches them. This sounds like a potential next season of *American Horror Story* to me.

There also used to be a discotheque on the third floor in the mansion, and to this day, phantom disco music is reported wafting down from that floor.

Roberts also believes that there is some "intelligent haunting" by "Playboy bunnies that enjoyed being at the Mansion." Although I am still skeptical about this one, I am sure there are some people who would be more than happy to further investigate this unique location.

GENERAL SAN MARTIN MUTILATION

Now, to ruin any excitement you felt reading about the Playboy Mansion, we'll move in to a General San Martin cattle mutilation. Warning: If you are eating, you might want to stop now. The unlucky bovine was discovered "missing its anus, tongue, eyes, and jaws, displaying perfectly cauterized incisions." That has got to be the most disgusting shopping list I have ever heard of.



I think we can rule out natural causes here.

And to make the case even weirder (wait, we need to make it weirder?), "It was a cow about to give birth and in perfect health. The fetus remained inside it."

Julio Zurbirgk, owner of the animal, believes that "aliens were involved, without a doubt," and I second that motion. As he explains, "They must remove the organs aboard the spacecraft, because there was nothing strange to be found around the animal. One can also see that they must throw the animals from their craft, because they land with their legs backward."

He also states that this is not a single shocking event but an ongoing problem that no one wants to help with. Granted, since even the other animals avoid going near the mutilated cattle, I can understand human hesitation.

I wonder if our three-fingered mummy friend's great-great grandchildren have anything to do with this. ◆

Got paranormal news? Email us at editor@paranormalunderground.net and fill us in on the scoop.

ParaGhost InvestHunters
Proving History Lives On

By Cheryl Knight

For almost 10 years, the ParaGhost InvestHunters team has investigated paranormal phenomena in the West Virginia, Kentucky, and Ohio areas. The team also occasionally works with others in the field, including Haunted Hills Paranormal Society and Lawrence County Ghost Hunters.

ParaGhost InvestHunters cofounder Bruce LeMaster recently talked with *Paranormal Underground* about his team's mission, recent cases, evidence captured, and methodologies used during investigations.

* * * * *

Q: Tell us about your paranormal investigative team.

Bruce: We are ParaGhost InvestHunters. Yes, we have a weird and unique name. I think it's a name people will remember because of how odd it is. We chose the name because a lot of people say paranormal investigators investigate areas that have known paranormal activity, while ghost hunters investigate places that have no paranormal reports. We do both.

Q: When and why did you form your team?

Bruce: I have always been intrigued by unknown things. And after losing my father in 2005, I got to thinking more about what comes after this life. So I ended up starting a team with a friend back in September 2008. We had a good run, but ended up parting way.

This led to my wife, Mereanda, and I, along with our friend Richard creating ParaGhost InvestHunters.

Q: Who is on your team?

Bruce: Our team includes myself, Mereanda LeMaster, and Richard Brock, who have always been involved with the team. Other current team members also include Angel Lovejoy, Mandy Lovejoy, and Cody Coleman, as well as other members who sometimes join us on bigger investigations that allow for a larger group of investigators.

The ParaGhost InvestHunters team includes Angel Lovejoy, Mandy Lovejoy, Maxine Pauley, Mereanda LeMaster, Richard Brock, and Bruce LeMaster.

Q: What is your team's mission?

Bruce: Our mission is helping the field and hopefully showing people that history does live on.

Q: What types of locations do you investigate?

Bruce: We have investigated asylums, prisons, jails, houses, cemeteries, businesses, battlefields, and other locations as necessary.

→

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- UFOs & Alien Encounters
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Q: What type of equipment and methods do you use to investigate?

Bruce: We use EMF meters, voice recorders, DVR cameras, and equipment like that. Our method is to try and research the best we can on each location and go from there. We'll listen to the reports and then try to line it up with the history.

Q: What recent investigations have you conducted?

Bruce: We just conducted an investigations at my mom's store. It used to be a police department and a doctor's house. This past weekend we investigated our local fire department. And this year we decided to focus investigations on our little town, Hamlin, West Virginia.

Q: What is the most impressive evidence of the paranormal your team has captured?

Bruce: Probably a little girl's voice at Middle Creek Battlefield in Prestonsburg, Kentucky. We got a lot of attention from that evidence. We weren't sure what to make of it at the time, but through talking to some locals and other teams, they had also picked up on a little girl.

We ended up discovering that back in the Civil War, some of the men in the area would take their family to the battle while they fought. Since that audio piece we captured back in 2010, we have picked her up again on a separate investigation twice, one an EVP and the other was a disembodied voice of her laughing, which we caught on audio.

Q: Anything else our readers should know about your team?

Bruce: We don't get to investigate as much as we used to due to other responsibilities, but we still get out to do investigations as much as possible. We love hearing stories from people and love interacting with others that are into researching and investigating the paranormal. We try to research all aspects of the paranormal, not just hauntings.

Q: What does your team have planned for the future?

Bruce: We plan to continue researching and investigating around Hamlin this year and see what next year holds for our team.

* * * * *

For more information about ParaGhost InvestHunters, visit https://www.facebook.com/ParaGhost-InvestHunters-244737898872547/. ◆

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HELP US!
Are We Morally Bound to Help Spirits?

By Bob Fountain, Spectral Tech

Over the years of investigations and research, most paranormal investigators develop a personal world view of the spiritual aspects of the paranormal. Be it what they are, why they are still here, where they go, or what they are trying to communicate to us, we all develop theories from the data we have collected.

During the evidence review of a majority of investigations I have conducted, a recurring theme appears in the EVPs or from the spirit box captures. Either "Help us," "Help me," or simply "Help" is heard time after time. Although interspersed with intelligent responses to questions asked, once the request for help filters through, the response of most human beings is to try to do just that. But help who? Or what? And why?

Most beginners in the field of paranormal investigations have a tendency to be in it for the chase, hoping for that next piece of evidence that proves once and for all that spirits are real. Or perhaps the appeal of fame and fortune beckons. I have met some investigators who seem to treat spirits like circus animals, expecting them to perform and then leave when the show is over, simply ignoring any pleas for help that they capture.

As one becomes a seasoned investigator, the question of whether spirits are real or not becomes less fuzzy. And the focus changes to what they are and how we can better communicate with them.

Somewhere along this timeline, the pleas for help are not just words captured, but an actual request from something unseen, asking for your personal intervention. This can be disturbing for anyone with a shred of empathy.

For most people, depending on the situation, it would be hard to walk away from another human being asking for help. Depending on the situation is the key. If the

person asking for help is the victim of a violent crime or an obvious alcoholic wanting money outside a liquor store will have a huge influence over your decision to help, and to what degree.

These are lessons learned in our lifetime, as many have been fleeced by unscrupulous people and won't help anyone anymore. Conversely, there are those who will continue to help, hoping this time it will make a difference. These lessons should be remembered when dealing with the spirit world.

When I first started capturing requests for help, I would request return visits to a site to try and find out more about who wanted help. There are several pieces of literature on how to supposedly help spirits "cross over," so why not jump right in and help? It seemed there was a moral or spiritual obligation to do something.

Not so fast.

To Help or Not to Help

Although helping those in need, be it spirits or humans, is a noble deed, you must consider why a spirit got in a situation where it needed help in the first place. Additionally, why ask us? We are in a less likely position to help them understand their plight than they are. Most of us have enough trouble navigating through the situations this life presents, let alone dealing with a realm we only think we know.

A number of theories state that a ghost is a spirit who has not yet crossed over and is stuck in a dimension somewhere in between the material and the eternal. Spirits who have not crossed over are often seen as humans who have unfinished business, are afraid to be judged, or simply don't know they are dead.

HELPING A SPIRIT CROSS OVER SHOULD DEPEND ON THE SPIRIT'S SPECIFIC CIRCUMSTANCES. NEVER FORCE A SPIRIT TO CROSS OVER.

If we take an objective look at these theoretical reasons, we may see our potential action to provide help in a different light.

Unfinished Business

In reality, most people have no idea exactly when they are going to die, unless they are being executed or have asked to pull the plug. And everyone is apt to have unfinished business, be it saying goodbye to loved ones, telling where they stashed the money, or providing the password to the 401K. The point is, if they have unfinished business and it compelled them to miss the "light," they are not going to ask for help unless it is to help them finish their unfinished business, and that is something only the spirit can do by telling you what it is.

Of course, if their business is finished, they may be ready to "go into the light" and may need a little help from us. By simply asking if they are ready to "go into the light" will determine whether you can help them or not. By either contacting a psychic or the clergy who are willing to help, you can aid this spirit to move on.

Afraid to Be Judged

Afraid to be judged is a situation to be looked at closely. If a spirit has indicated that it is afraid to be judged, you must ask yourself why. If it is a result of their religious dogma that has condemned them, you can only help them by convincing them that God is a loving God who put us in the material world to learn lessons, knowing full well we would screw up, and it is only we who judge ourselves.

By asking assistance from the spirit world to help and convince this frightened spirit that they have nothing to fear, they can continue on their journey of spiritual growth.

If a spirit is afraid to be judged, and for good reason, such as they were a mass murderer or hard-core criminal,

the above still would apply, but their plea for help may not be so innocuous. It is commonly believed that if a person was kind and loving in life, in spirit that person will remain kind and loving. Conversely, if a person was mean and despicable in life that is how they will be in spirit. So, if a person was a con man or a cheat in life, their cry for help may have ulterior motives, which can leave you vulnerable in dealing with this spirit.

Just keep in mind that if a plea for help is also tied with the message about being afraid to be judged, you should carefully consider how you react and request spiritual insight from your own guardian angels or spirit guides.

Don't Know They Are Dead

On more than one occasion during my investigations when asking if the spirit knew they were dead or in spirit, they said, "No." Just because someone is now in spirit doesn't mean they have any greater knowledge than when they were alive.

If a person's death was instantaneous and they were totally attached to their mortal ego, they may very well not know that their material body is gone and that they are now in spirit. This may explain how spirit attachments happen. These entities may attempt to continue living the life they once had and ask for help only when they come to the realization that something is wrong.

One would think that their spirit guides or guardian angels would have helped them, but if they had no conception that these spiritual helpers were present when alive, there is no reason to believe that they could sense their presence in death. Like radio stations, different frequencies pick up different stations, and a spirit tuned into the material frequencies would ask for our help instead of something they might not even know exists.

At this point, once they come to the realization they are dead, you might again end up with spirit having unfinished business or afraid to be judged.

Final Thoughts

There is a darker side to these calls for help I have not mentioned. There are many, many television shows that exclusively focus on the negative, where everything is evil, a demon, or is generally out to get you and destroy your life. Running from the house with your children in abject terror seems to be the norm for most of shows about hauntings.

As much as I avoid such shows because I believe they focus the entertainment on fear over the full spectrum of the paranormal world, the good and the bad, sometimes there is truth in what they offer.

As many investigators know, there are indeed things out there that were never human to begin with. Demons are feared in many religious denominations, aliens that function outside our visual light range are feared, or even interdimensional beings are feared. Whether you believe in them or not, they are not something to be taken lightly and can put you, and your life, in peril.

Like a huge invisible spider sitting in its web, crying out "Help me" or "Help us," these negative entities wait for the unsuspecting investigator to land in their web. So, when your EVP or spirit box asks for help, thoroughly think it through and choose wisely. And always attempt to spiritually protect yourself before you jump in to provide assistance.

On a lighter note: What the heck happens to the spirit guides or guardian angels when "their person" dies? Do they get reassigned immediately after you die? Is it like, "Hi, you're dead; there's the light you need to go into, and if not, you're on your own. It's been fun, but we gotta go; we've been reassigned to a new baby being born. If you can't figure it out, yell for help into a digital recorder."

Perhaps that is a topic for another time. ◆

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CREEPY CRATE
BY THE LINEUP

THE DEVIL'S SCHOOL:

The Most Haunted Place in Jacksonville

By Orrin Grey via The-Line-Up.com

When it was first opened in 1918, the Annie Lytle Elementary School — then simply known as Public School No. 4 — must have been an impressive structure. The brick walls and white columns out front probably made the Jacksonville, Florida, school seem almost palatial.

Today, however, the ruins of the Annie Lytle Elementary School are a far cry from their fancier past. The halls are choked with trash and debris, and vivid graffiti covers virtually every surface. A fire that broke out in 1995, and was blamed on vagrants, gutted parts of the building and caused the roof of the auditorium to cave in, leaving it open to the elements.

The school was designed by architect Rutledge Holmes and built by the Florida Engineering and Construction Company. It served students until the 1950s, when the construction of highways I-95 and I-10 left the school cut off at their junction. It was condemned in 1971.

After its closure, the school became a popular spot for wayward teens, as well as drug addicts and squatters. As people began to explore the abandoned building, the legends surrounding it grew, and it didn't take long before the school had acquired the reputation of the "most haunted place in Jacksonville." In these tales, the building is often known by another name — the Devil's School.

According to one popular tale, the janitor of the school used to take students down into the boiler room where he burned them alive. One day, one of the students escaped, and in the process caused an explosion that blew up the boiler room and started a fire. As the Abandoned Florida Website pointed out, this story sounds pretty familiar to anyone who has seen *A Nightmare on Elm Street*.

Another variation of the tale says that the principal of the school was a cannibal who kept kids who were sent to detention in a special meat locker in his office. The students were gutted and hung on spikes until the Hannibal-esque principal could get around to devouring them. In addition, rumors of satanic and occult activity taking place at the abandoned schools also run rampant.

The Annie Lytle Elementary School, originally opened in 1918, is rife with paranormal activity, according to local lore. (Photo source: jacksonville.com.)

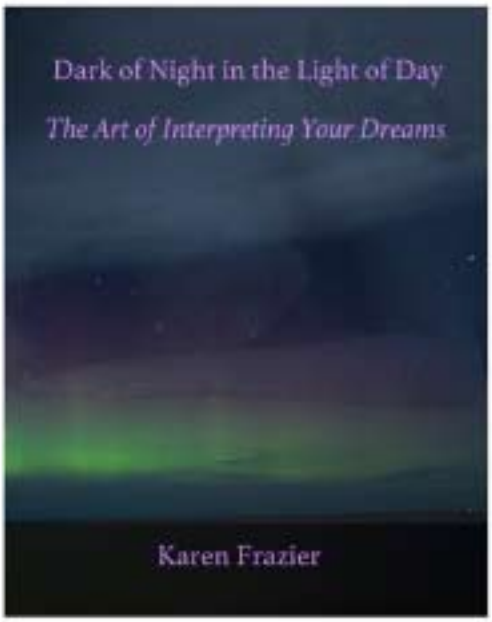
Some who have visited the site say that a huge tree grows somewhere in the depths of the abandoned school, though photos of the site today show no such arboreal inhabitant. Given the sheer number of specters said to inhabit the decaying halls, there's every chance this is some sort of ghost tree and that you might still bump into it if you're walking the hallways at night.

In 1999, the school was purchased with the intention of knocking it down to replace it with Lytle Place Condominiums. The project was halted when the city granted the building a historic landmark designation in 2000. Today, the halls of the Devil's School still stand empty, save for whatever ghostly denizens they may contain.◆

New from *Paranormal Underground* columnist

Karen Frazier

Unlock the power of your dreams



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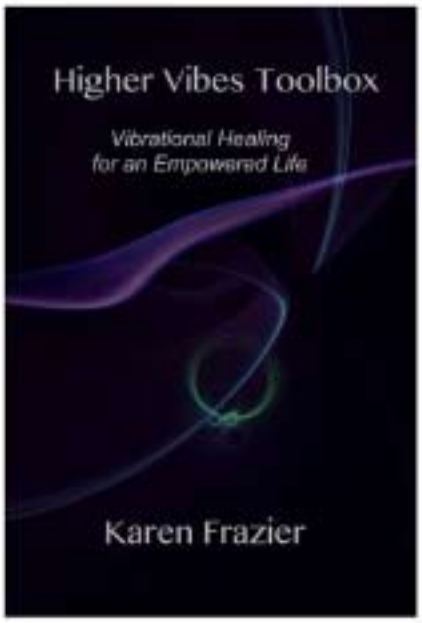
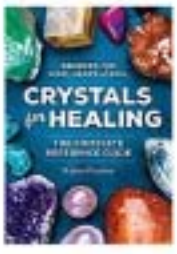
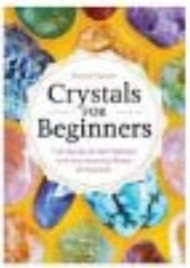


Also by Karen





AuthorKarenFrazier.com

THE HISTORY OF GHOST HUNTING

By John Young, hubpages.com/@jy3502

Most are familiar with the so-called ghost hunting shows on television. But how long has such activity been going on?

The first reference to a ghost hunt is found in 100 AD by Pliny the Younger, a lawyer, author, and magistrate in ancient Rome. The story involved an investigation of a haunted house in ancient Athens.

However, paranormal research organizations like those of today are actually a relatively new phenomenon. The oldest recognized such organization in the world is thought to be The Ghost Club, founded in London in 1862.

In the mid-1880s, the American Psychological Association suggested applying scientific method to paranormal investigations, and the idea found strong support in England. The result was the Society for Psychical Research, whose mission was to study the existence of ghosts or spirits.

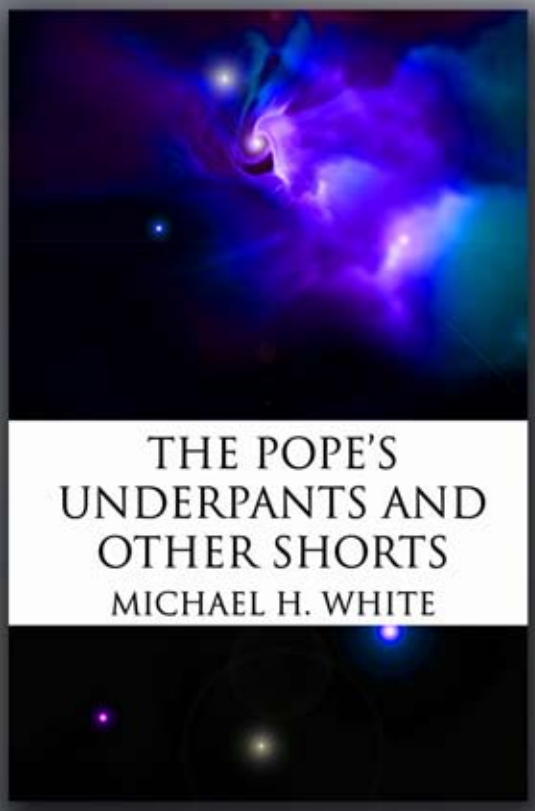
Investigators gathered case studies, attended séances, and designed tests to validate claims of sightings. They also developed the "Census of Hallucinations," which effectively tracked apparitions of persons who were said to have made spectral appearances on the day they died.

Similar haunting investigations were done by London's National Laboratory of Psychical Research during the 1920s. In the 1950s and '60s, American independent researchers, such as Hans Holzer and Ed and Lorraine Warren, began their own investigations. However, long before it became popular as television shows, other serious-minded paranormal and parapsychology investigators in the 1970s and '80s were actively pursuing the subject.

Apparently, ghosts have been around since antiquity. Even in biblical times, Christian disciples must have believed in their existence. For instance, they thought Jesus was a ghost walking on the water as he approached their boat until he called out and identified himself.

Statue of Pliny the Younger on the façade of Cathedral of S. Maria Maggiore in Como, Lombardy, Italy. (Photo by Wolfgang Sauber via Wikimedia Commons.)

So ghost hunting isn't a modern activity by any means. One of the first-known ghost hunters was Joseph Glanvill, a chaplain of English King Charles II in the late 1600s. Glanvill investigated ghostly activity in the British Isles. His most famous case was the Drummer of Tedworth, an early poltergeist case. ◆



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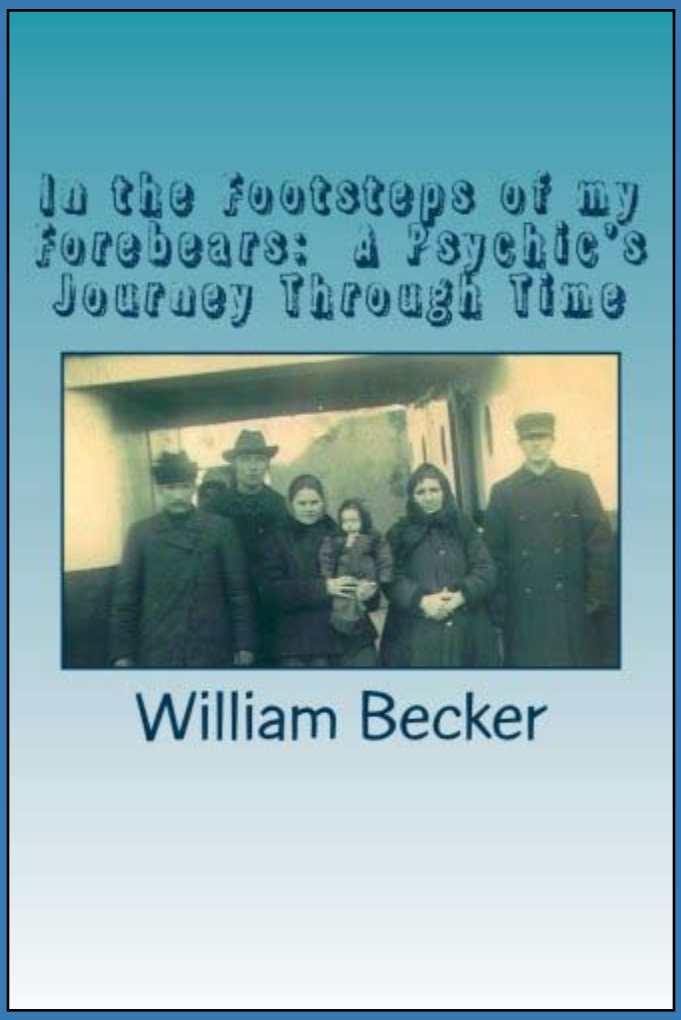

In the Footsteps of My Forebears: A Psychic's Journey Through Time

By William Becker

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URBAN LEGENDS & THE POWER OF STORYTELLING

By Jack Kenna, S.P.I.R.I.T.S. of New England

Very likely every place in the world that has any significant number of humans living together in a community has a story about a horrible incident, ghost, or other frightening account that, while no one in the community can validate or find actual facts to support, most believe is true or based on an actual incident.

The people it happened to or who witnessed it were supposedly a friend of a family member or a friend of a friend, and there were witnesses, so it must all be true. We call these stories urban legends. People will often tell you urban legends are based on some kind of actual event but are distorted or embellished over the years as they are passed on verbally from generation to generation, each adding their own spin on the story told to them. But there is always believed to be some kind of underlying truth.

I even believed this theory myself, until last night that is, when my oldest son informed me about a local urban legend that I suddenly realized I had inadvertently started more than 10 years ago!

The realization of what I had somehow started was like being hit by a truck! I was amazed, shocked, and amused all at the same time! The realization of what my son told me suddenly made me realize the true power of being a good storyteller.

So how did this all begin? And what was the urban legend that I had somehow given life to? While this may sound like a story in and of itself, I promise you what I tell you next is the complete truth to the best of my memory as it took place more than 10 years ago.

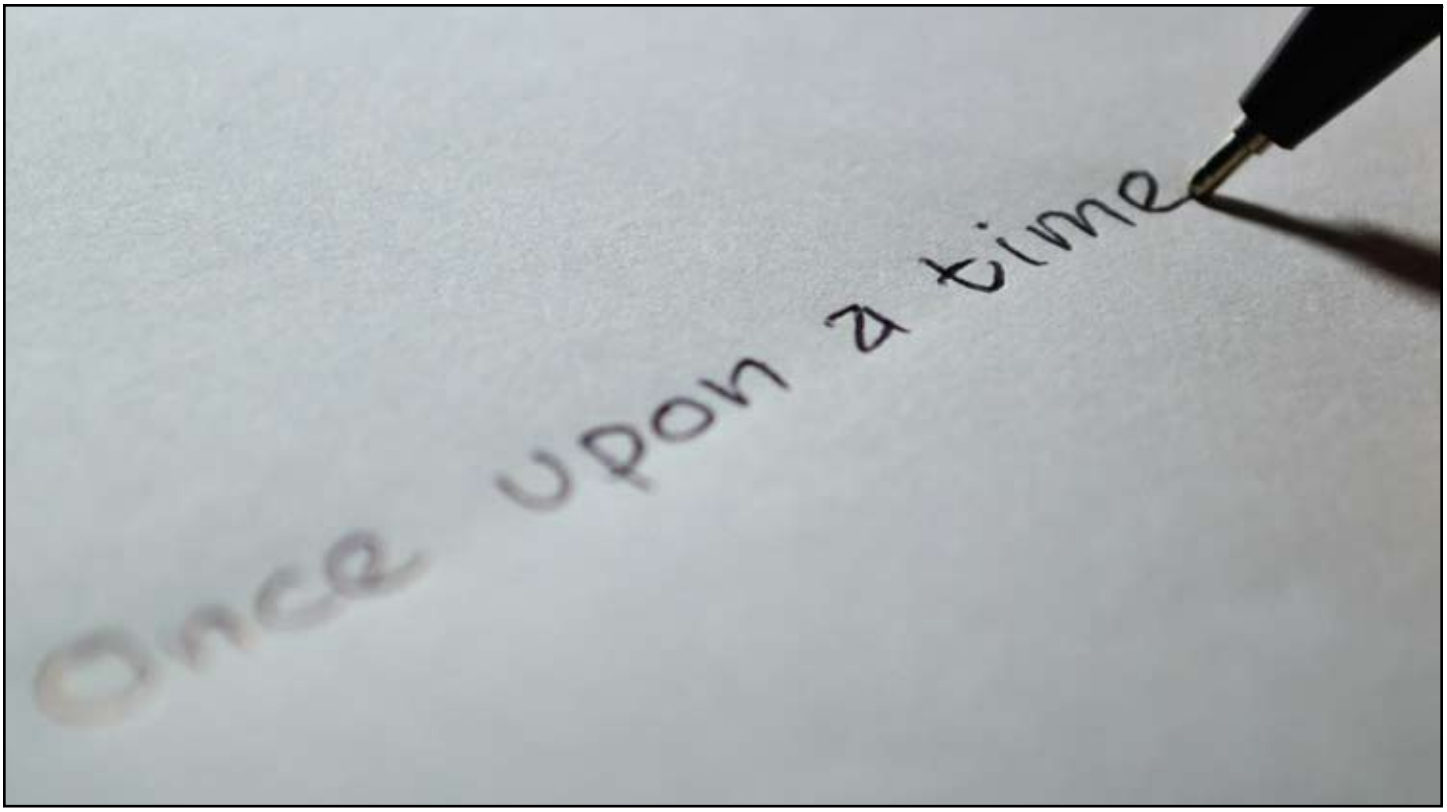
* * * * *

It was Halloween night, and I took my two oldest boys and two of their friends trick or treating around the neighborhood. They were all between the ages of 11 to

13. It was getting late in the evening, probably around 10:30 p.m., and so we began walking their two friends home. The fastest way to their houses was down one of the sides streets, which took us past a small stretch of woods just behind the local park.

Now these are not exactly deep, dark, and scary woods; well except maybe to young teen boys, which I had not really thought about at the time. There are houses all around them, and you can see some of the homes on the other side of the wooded gully. You can even see down into the bottom at certain locations, which is what gave me one of the ideas for a story I decided tell the boys "for fun."

At one location along the woods, you can see an old



wooden shed at the bottom of the gully. Very likely it was an old fort that some teens had built years before to hide and drink beer. Anyway, when I spotted it, I stopped at the edge of the woods. The boys all stopped with me. I just stared down at the old shed and, it being Halloween and all, my mind began to spin a scary story around the old shed.

I must have been standing there for a little bit, because I could hear one of the boys ask my son what I was doing. My son then asked me, "Dad, what are you looking at?" That was it; that was all the opening I needed to tell my story that was forming in my head.

I purposely did not look back at them, but pointed to the old shed in the bottom of wooded gully. "I'm looking at the old shed down there where the killer once lived." They were silent. I turned and looked at them.

THEY FOUND THE BONES OF THE CHILDREN IN A LARGE CAST-IRON POT.

My sons glared at me looks of "Yeah right, Dad." That was no surprise; I had told them many stories over the years, so they knew I made things up. Their two friends, though, had the look of "What!" I knew I had my audience.

"Are you boys telling me you never heard about the crazy vagrant who lived there in the 1950s? Your parents never told you about this?"

I could see my boys just were not buying it, so I had to step up my game a bit. I changed my tone and look on my face to serious Dad mode — that look I would give them when they had homework to do but were avoiding it.

"Boys, I'm serious here. This is no story I'm telling you. Back in the 1950s an old bum took up residence in that old shack down in the woods. Everyone knew he was crazy, but he kept to himself for the most part, so no one bothered with him.

"Not until one or two little kids started disappearing right around these woods every Halloween. It went on for a few years, until one year one of the parents spotted the old bum wearing a clown costume trying to lure two kids into the woods.

"When the parent yelled to the kids, the old bum ran into the woods. The police were called, and they surrounded him in that old shack right there." I pointed down to the old shed in the woods.

"There was a struggle, and the police shot and killed him. But the real horror of it all was when they found the bones of the children in the shack and a large cast-iron vat that he had used to cook them in."

I remembered the large cast-iron pot (think of a witch's caldron) that was sitting on the lawn of a house nearby, which they used as a planter. I turned and pointed to it; the boys turned and looked with me. None of them spoke; they just followed my motions.

"As a matter of fact, see that pot there; that's the one he used to cook them in. The man that once lived in that house was the police officer that shot the killer. He kept

→

the pot as kind of a memorial to the children that were killed. That's why there are always flowers planted in it."

The look on all their faces was priceless; they all believed it, but one of their friends also looked a bit frightened. It was then that I let the truth out.

"Don't take it serious boys; it's just a story I made up for Halloween for you." I smiled at them as I told them.

Three of them let out a sign of relief, but still had a look of "Did you really make it up?" But their one friend still had a scared look on his face. He actually asked me if I really made it up and told me he thought he had really heard about this before.

I tried to assure him it was just completely made up, but even by the time we reached his house I did not think he was totally convinced I had made it all up. After that night, I never gave it any thought.

* * * * *

Years went by. The kids all played sports in school together in high school, and then came graduation. And this past June, my oldest son graduated from college at the age of 21. All that time the story never even crossed my mind again, until last night, when I was sitting watching television with my oldest son. A commercial about the old mini-series *IT* by Steven King came on, and there was the evil clown trying to lure the boy into the storm drain.

That's when my son told me about a local urban legend about an old bum who would dress like a clown and lived in the woods by the park. I at first thought maybe it was related to the recent clown sightings in the woods that went on around the country within the past year. But he told me no, that this story had been around for years, since they were kids, and he thought it started with a couple of brothers who lived by the park.

He went on to tell me the story: The guy tried to lure kids into the woods to kill them. He even told me that at one time a bunch of the older kids got together with rakes, sticks, and baseball bats to go into the woods to chase him out, but they all backed down in the end. Some kids have even said they've seen him down in the wooded gully by the old shack where he lives.

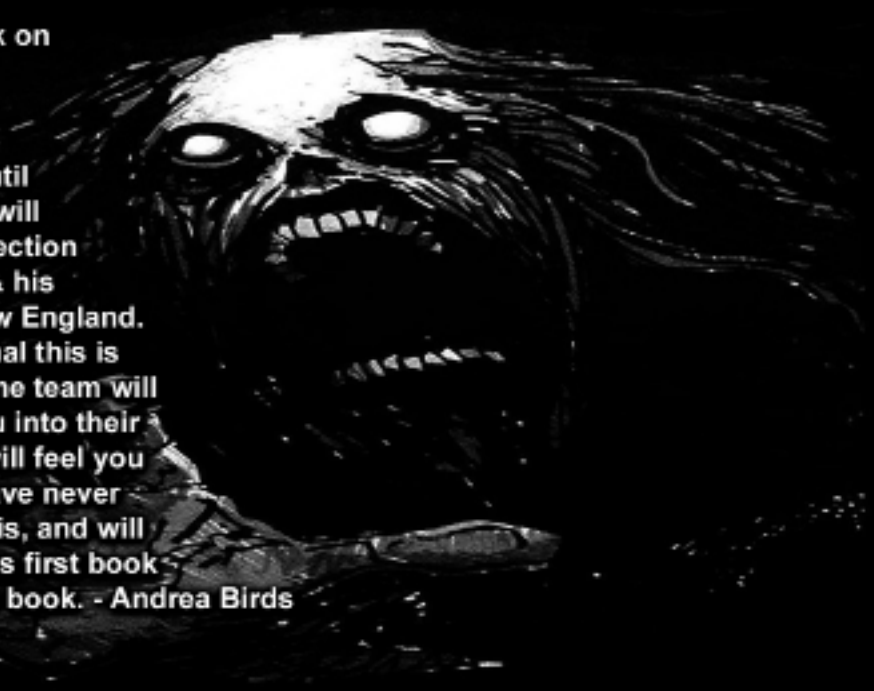
It was at that moment when he mentioned the shack and the guy living there that it hit me! It was my story I had told them all those years ago! The completely made up story I had told them that Halloween night had somehow survived all those years and taken on a life of its own through the kids — very likely by their frightened friend who passed it on to the others in their class.

Somehow my little scary story had given birth to a local urban legend! That in itself is a bit scary if you take time to think about it. Words and ideas are powerful things, but when combined together they can take on lives of their own, even beyond what the originator had meant for it when shared and re-shared by others.

Intent and purpose can be easily lost or misunderstood, as story can become reality, even bringing the imaginary to life for those who choose to see what is not even there, and never was. I now believe that this is how urban legends are truly born. Yes, some, although probably very few, have some basis in fact, but most were likely stories made up to frighten children, to keep people from wandering too far from the community, or to make a point to be vigilant in places that are potentially dangerous.

There is also a lesson here for the paranormal investigator. Do not believe everything you hear about a supposed haunted location or what a client may tell you about their house or property. Be diligent, do your research, dig for the facts and the truth, and if you can find no evidence or documented facts about the story of the woman in white that supposedly hung herself in the stairway because she was distraught over her lover leaving her or he was killed in the war, etc., then the story is probably just an urban legend made up by some father who was trying to convince his daughter not to run off with that bum of a suitor her father did not like, because it would only end badly for her if she did. ◆

S.P.I.R.I.T.S. of New England
Hauntings, Ghosts & Demons



You may have seen Jack on Paranormal Survivor & Haunted Case Files but you have never truly experienced his work until you read this book.You will be amazed that this collection of case files from Jack & his team S.P.I.R.I.T.S. of New England. If you love the Paranormal this is a must have! Jack and the team will entrace you and pull you into their cases to the point you will feel you are joining them. You have never read a book quite like this, and will be amazed that this is his first book I highly recommend this book. - Andrea Birds

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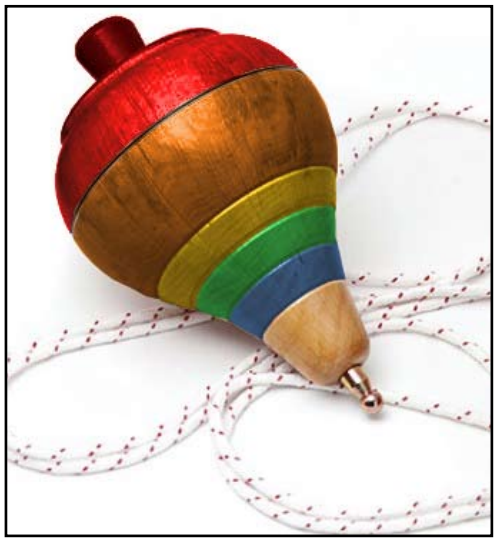
REVISITING RANDOM THOUGHTS:

Long-Distance Telepathy Experiment 2

By Michael White, Paranormal Research & Investigations

How convenient would it be to send a message to someone without the use of a smartphone, computer, or other telecommunication device? Imagine sending a message or an idea by thought alone. Many movies, books, and television programs have revolved around the idea of people or extraterrestrials who possess such a mental superpower. But what if telepathy was something innate in humans? A skill like any other skill that could be enhanced through exercise and repetition.



Most people assume that their thoughts are a completely private internal process, guarded from the rest of the world. Though that may be true to some extent, your internal thoughts are not completely secure.

A second experiment in a series of experiments testing telepathy was conducted by Paranormal Research and Investigations to see if characteristics of a defined object could be transmitted over long distances to designated participants using the mind alone. Through the use of various imagery, in various mental scenarios, the results suggested that an object or idea could be telepathically transmitted and received.

The experiment consisted of a randomly chosen object from a list of 15 different/independent items using a random number generator, a psychic sender in a sensory deprivation chamber, several psychic receivers of various levels (novice to advanced) in various locations on the planet, and a designated start and stop time.

For this experiment, the random number generator selected the number 7 from a list that corresponded to a wooden top (see image on next page).

With an understanding of the object, the sender entered the chamber and began mentally sending the object using several different mental visualizations, including the following:

1. Handing the top to each person. The sender would imagine each face as they mentally handed it to them, focusing on the weight, feel, and shape of the top.

2. The top spinning in darkness with a spotlight on it.

3. The top being looked at from head-on so its shape and colors (red, orange, yellow, green, blue, wood) could be identified.

4. The top as large as a hot-air balloon floating over the cities that the assigned receivers were in.

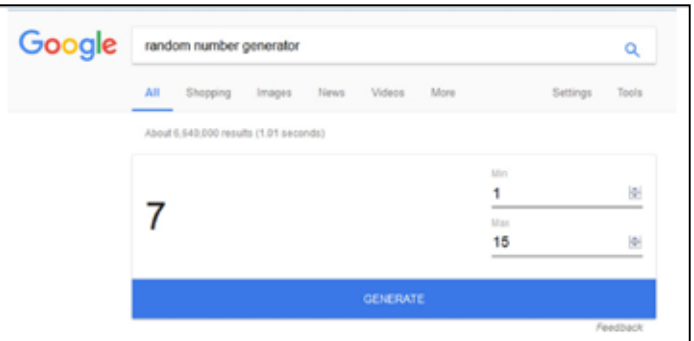
5. The top spinning around the world like a moon.

6. The spinning top had replaced the Earth. And, periodically, the spinning Earth-top would shoot off into space like it was going into warp drive and then return.

7. The top split into two tops that were violently crashing into each other (imagining Battling Tops game from the sender's childhood).

8. The sender would speak aloud focusing on each person individually — which sounded odd, like Darth Vader due to the deep breathing of the sender's medi-

1	Carousel
2	Baguette
3	Hubcap
4	Door knob
5	Happiness
6	Handcuffs
7	Wooden top
8	The taste of sweet
9	Sea Shell
10	Candle flame
11	Coin
12	Cotton Candy
13	Domino 1/blank
14	Envy
15	Scissors



tative state. For instance, the sender would say to each person, "Hey (name), it's a spinning wooden top."

9. The sender imagined everyone in a common space and pointed at the top spinning on a white piece of paper on a desk.

10. The sender imagined everyone into the tank and had the top illuminated and spinning in the surrounding darkness.

11. While everyone was imagined in the tank, the visualization that they were all inside the spinning top looking outward to the Universe spinning around us.

When the sending session was over, the participants sent their received impressions from the experiment without discussing it with any other member. Some visualizations were received stronger than others, and some strong psychic hits were noted in the analysis phase of the experiment. Of particular note, the responses to the following were indicative of reception of both the object and visualization:

Visualization: The top being looked at from head-on so its shape and colors (red, orange, yellow, green, blue, wood) could be identified.

Strong hits from two receivers: "It was ornaments per se that I was picking up on. I kept seeing the colors red and green (holiday shades of these colors)." "The first thing I saw, about noon, was a metal-colored cylinder. Then I had a yellow rubber duck flash into my mind! Then I got the metal cylinder again or a metal ball!" "The word yellow spelled out flashed, then it changed to what looked like yellow house siding — horizontal layers — then a square of fairly bright yellow."

Visualization: The top as large as a hot-air balloon floating over the cities that the assigned receivers were in.

Strong hits from one receiver: "Something like a balloon. Hot air balloon? Rising lava lamp bubbles? Yellow/orange/red slowly ascending. Expanding? Heat?"

Visualization: The top spinning around the world like a moon, and the sender would speak aloud focusing on each person individually, which sounded odd — like Darth Vader due to the deep breathing of the sender's meditative state.

Strong hits from one receiver: "Vader, Death Star, and *Empire Strikes Back*."

Visualization: The spinning top had replaced the Earth. And, periodically, the spinning Earth-top would shoot off into space like it was going into warp drive and then return.

Strong hits from one receiver: "Peace — super focusing. Images of stars and the vast Universe."

Visualization: The top split into two tops and were violently crashing into each other (imagining Battling Tops game from the sender's childhood).

Strong hits from one receiver: "I got a fighting tiger, colored red and yellow."

Visualization: The sender imagined everyone into the tank and had the top illuminated and spinning in the surrounding darkness.

Strong hits from one receiver: "Some of us came to the pool and soaked with you. Felt two male participants (identified) and another person who is female."

Visualization: While everyone was imagined in the tank, the visualization that they were all inside the spinning top looking outward to the Universe spinning around us.

Strong hits from one receiver: "We all meet in meditation at a metaphoric location, such as a place I know out in the Universe, among the stars. The place with floor of black stone squares and no walls."

The results of this experiment suggest that the various visualizations of the object did project into the consciousness of others. The possibility that a person's thoughts intentionally, or unintentionally, being received by others on a level depending more on that person's abilities or susceptibly has yet to be established by this group of researchers.

However, if reception of another's thoughts, emotions, or impressions can be established, it might explain the origins of random thoughts or similar ideas being created or acted on in various parts of the world almost simultaneously. More experiments of this nature with tighter controls are in the planning phase.

Read the full experiment plan and results at http://www.pri-wa.com/research.html. ◆

Your Most Meaningful Relationship

By Karen Frazier, AuthorKarenFrazier.com

In my work, people often seem most interested in improving certain facets of their lives, and relationships (romantic and otherwise) are usually a biggie. I often hear questions like the following:

- How can I find a romantic partner?
- How can I have more friends or more meaningful friendships?
- How can I heal my relationships?
- How can I get people to treat me better?
- How can I forgive?

These are all offshoots of the same issue, which is how you relate to others, and the answer always starts in the same place. It begins with your relationship to self.

Every person with whom you interact is, for you, some reflection of yourself. Other people are giant mirrors for us. We are drawn to people who have character and personality traits we admire, we wish to have, or that mirror aspects of ourselves we like.

Likewise, when we don't like something in another, it is because we see something in them we also recognize in ourselves, but we hide it in the shadows and hope nobody ever notices.

The answers to the questions above (in order asked), then are:

- First, love yourself.
- First, love yourself and develop a meaningful relationship with self.
- First, heal yourself.
- First, treat yourself better.
- First, forgive yourself.

Your issues in relationships are always about you, the beliefs you have, the choices you make, your desires, and the thoughts you think. What you believe and think about yourself and others fuels your interactions. So to attract love from others, first love yourself.

Chakra Work

Self-love and self-worth begins in your third chakra, which is your solar plexus. It is here where you develop and maintain feelings of self-esteem. Focusing here and truly learning to love yourself is a necessary step before you can bring that energy up into your heart chakra, the center of unconditional love, where you can share the love you have for yourself with others and the world.

Concentrating on your third chakra as you meditate and using crystals like citrine, yellow tiger's eye, and amber can help strengthen this key area to build self-love. Using mantras during meditation for self-love can also help.

Consider mantras such as:

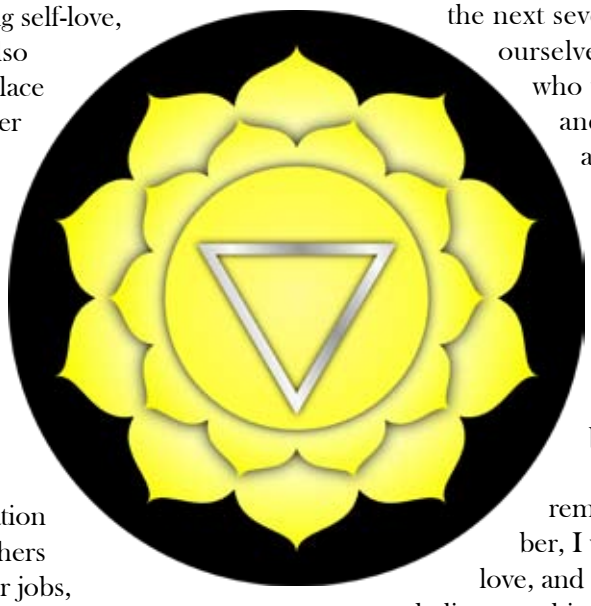
- I am enough.
- I love myself unconditionally.
- I am perfect as I am.
- I am perfect in the eyes of the Divine.
- I have a spark of Divinity in me.
- I choose to be my highest vision of my best self.

Vajrapradrama or Thunderbolt Mudra

Mudras offer another way of focusing and setting attention during meditation, visualization, and affirmation. These hand positions can help improve focus and stimulate energy flow.

For self-confidence and building self-love, try vajrapradama mudra, which is also known as thunderbolt mudra. Interlace your fingers and rest your hands over your heart and solar plexus chakras as you affirm self-confidence and self-love.

The mudra represents and strengthens unshakeable self-confidence, which is key in building self-love.



The Secret to Self-Love: Remember Who You Are

We spend all day in contemplation of our selves: what we want, how others relate to us, how we are doing at our jobs, what we feel like eating, what we want to wear, how to care for ourselves ... the list goes on and on.

It's surprising, then, that with so much self-contemplation, we often arrive at conclusions about self that are less than loving. And when we reach these conclusions, we drive ourselves more deeply into forgetting who we are. We believe such terrible things about ourselves, we forget our very essence is love.

We come from love, we bring that love with us when we arrive in these bodies, and then we spend the next several decades forgetting that about ourselves. So here I am to remind you of who you are. I see you, I know you, and I know who you truly are. You are love. You come from the love and the light, and someday you will return to it.

And while it may seem your light or love is hidden right now, it's just covered with a little dust. But even with that light, dusty coating, the essence of you shines brightly.

You are love, and you deserve to remember that. So until you remember, I will remember for you. You are love, and nothing you can do will make me believe anything different.

Read Karen's new energy healing book, "Higher Vibes Toolbox: Vibrational Healing for an Empowered Life," which is available on Amazon. ◆

Dream Interpretation: Out of the Shadows

By Karen Frazier, AuthorKarenFrazier.com

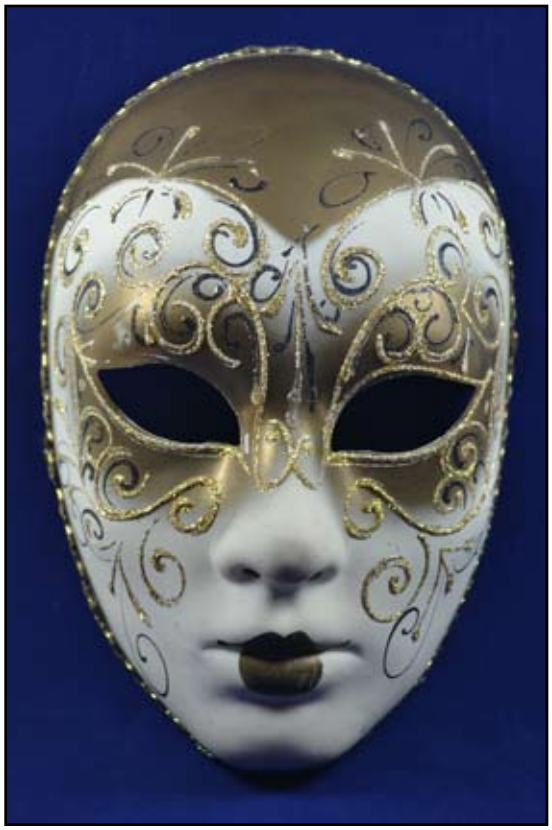
Dream:

Dear Karen,

"I was meeting with an Islamic woman (not in a hijab) I didn't know in a school/college-type hallway with arches, benches, and many people going to and fro. She had some information about an Islamic man, who I also didn't know. He was trying to bully me. The last thing she said was that with the information she gave me, I could unmask him.

"As she said that, in my mind's eye, I saw a dark-skinned man in a white mask with gold filigree, and I was literally ripping the mask off of his face. Then it cut to me taking an airline flight, though all I could see was a traffic-filled freeway. For some reason, the name New Jersey came into my mind. Then I woke up."

—Anonymous



Dear Anonymous:

Hi,

Your dream has many symbols that can give you clues as to its context and message.

The context of the dream is in a school or college, which tells me this is a dream about you learning something; the dream is here to help you learn a greater truth. Arches represent your support system, while benches represent being passive instead of active.

Since I don't know anything about you personally, I can only guess a little. If you are not Islamic, then this is significant since you indicate both the woman and the man are Islamic. If you are Islamic, the dream may have an entirely different meaning than what I present here.

However, in general, in dreams if other people appear with skin that is darker in tone than yours, the dream is carrying messages from your shadow. Likewise, with the current state of Islamophobia in various parts of the world, the dream could be talking to you about your fears. This may be especially true since the man is a bully. Bullies often symbolize your rejection of your shadow self; that is, parts of you that you don't like and therefore hide. A mask on that person suggests trying to hide those aspects of yourself.

The mask is white and gold. White represents higher realms and purity, while gold represents spiritual reward. It suggests you may be hiding your shadow self behind a mask of spirituality in hopes nobody will recognize or notice it, but you have a desire to reveal all of you and integrate the whole into your waking life.

In fact, your shadow self is encouraging you, telling you if you give it attention instead of hiding it, you will be able to unmask your fears. Ripping the mask off his face indicates you are ready to do this, are already in the process of doing this, or you have recently done so.

Then you are on an airplane, which suggests in removing the mask, you have overcome obstacles and are flying high. This shows you that if you remove the mask and allow who you truly are to shine (including the shadow parts), all will be well and it will, in fact, help you move to a higher vibrational level.

Below, you note a traffic-filled freeway, which suggests roadblocks on your path if you continue as you have been so far. New Jersey may have meaning, but it would be what meaning it has to you. Or, it could be suggesting you have some business in New Jersey you need to take care of in this process.

WHITE REPRESENTS HIGHER REALMS AND PURITY, WHILE GOLD REPRESENTS SPIRITUAL REWARD.

But you are flying above the crowded and blocked road, which suggests removing your figurative mask and facing your shadows will fast track you above the roadblocks you currently face and help you move forward in pursuit of your highest and greatest good.

Although facing shadows seems scary when those shadows remain hidden in the dark, once we expose them to light we realize they aren't the monsters we've created in our minds. In fact, for every good quality you have, it has its shadow opposite; opposites are just degrees along a spectrum, like hot and cold are just different points on the spectrum of heat.

So shadows, such as anger or hatred, are actually just points on the spectrum of emotion; they are the opposite of love but along the same spectrum, and it's up to you to choose where on that spectrum you focus your self-expression. Any light you have has the potential to be dark and vice versa.

Shadow dreams encourage you to recognize your shadows, reintegrate them into the whole, and then choose where on the spectrum you wish to place your attention. You don't need to be afraid of your shadows, because you have full control of their expression and influence in your life.

Thanks for sharing your dream!

—Karen

Read Karen's new dream interpretation book, "Dark of Night in the Light of Day: The Art of Interpreting Your Dreams," which is now available on Amazon.◆

Winter Balefire
Love Letters Destroyed
Love Letters Destroyed is Winter Balefire's first book of poetry now available at Amazon, Lulu, Barnes & Noble and all fine retailers that sell great books. Pick it up in eBook and signed paperback editions today!
Love Letters Destroyed is a collection of poetry representing all that is written and left unsaid. Sleepless nights, dark thoughts, and broken bits of sanity fill these pages. Each piece tells a story and each story will reveal every part of your psyche you've hidden from. Here you will find everything you've ever felt but have never said aloud.

A TALK WITH A LEGEND

By Willie Windwalker Gibson

My column for this month's issue is going to be a bit different. I wanted to write a story that was not really a paranormal one, but that would interest you nonetheless. Then I remembered something that happened to me 30 years ago when I was a security agent, also known as a hotel detective, for a major hotel in Louisville, Kentucky, The Galt House.

I was also the night security supervisor there. I had three other agents that I supervised on the shift. We were the people who kept the peace within the hotel, made sure the guests were safe, and made sure they behaved themselves on the property. Sometimes the job was trying, but I enjoyed the work.

Since I was the supervisor, I also was assigned the task of making sure that any famous people staying at the hotel were not bothered. I have had the pleasure of meeting people and providing security for politicians, people of wealth, and movie stars.

This story is about an encounter meeting a movie star who I had admired all of my life, a meeting that I will never forget.

* * * * *

The Galt House is famous for hosting a lot of special events, especially at Kentucky Derby time. It was late July in 1984, and I was doing my hourly floor check of the hotel. It was about 5 a.m., and I had made it to the lobby of the hotel. After walking 18 floors, I was tired but fully awake.

I was standing in the lobby when the elevator door opened and out walked a gentlemen that looked familiar to me. He walked over to a lobby chair and sat down. He was tall and appeared to be in his 70s. He was dressed sharply in a casual gray suit with and open collar.

He gazed at me with deep blue eyes. He smiled and said, "Good morning."

It was when I heard his voice that I knew who he was. There, sitting in a chair in front of me, was Vincent Price. I returned the good morning back to him, and he smiled. I walked up to him and introduced myself and told him I was security for the hotel.

He smiled and said to me that he was waiting for a car to pick him up. He was going to have breakfast with some friends at their horse farm in Lexington. As he spoke to me, I could see that his health seemed a little frail and his blue eyes had a tired look in them.

As I stood there and chatted with him, it dawned on

me to ask him if he would like some coffee. He smiled at me and said, "That would be wonderful." I told him I would go to the kitchen, get him a cup of coffee, and be right back. He nodded at me and said, "Just black please."

I rushed to the kitchen and got his coffee. When I got back, he took the coffee and said, "Would you like to sit down and keep me company until my car arrives?" I gladly did.

He started talking to me about the city and how wonderful the people were. We talked about his interests in art and that he was an artist himself. We talked about his love for food and flowers. This was a totally different man than the one who used to scare me, and many others, in his movies. He was a kind, gentle soul with a great sense of humor — and a man with a lot of class.

> "My favorite movie of yours was 'House on Haunted Hill.'"

As we talked, we finally got around to his acting and the many movies he made. He said he had fun in every one of them and made many friends. I asked him what his favorite movie was to make.

He took a sip of his coffee, smiled, and said, "My favorite movie was the one I made last and the new one I was going to start." They were all his favorite. I thought that was a brilliant answer.

Then he looked at me and asked, "Did you have a favorite movie of mine?"

I thought and said, "Mr. Price, there were many, but my favorite movie of yours was *House on Haunted Hill*."

He laughed and said, "Willie, do you know that's the movie people loved the most of mine?" I told him that all his fans, including me, loved all his work. He blushed a bit and said, "Thank you, Willie."

We chatted for at least an hour, and I cherished every minute. The sun was beginning to rise, and it was coming through the lobby door. I saw a black car pull up to the front door, and a man in a dark suit got out and came into the lobby. He walked over to where Mr. Price and I were sitting and said he was there to pick up Mr. Price.

As we got up, he shook my hand and said, "Willie, it has been a pleasure talking with you this morning. Thanks for the coffee." I told him that the honor was all mine. He then followed the driver to the car, got in, and they pulled away. I stood there watching the car disappear.

I have met many stars in my day. Some were fantastic, and some were not very pleasant. Meeting Vincent Price will always be the most memorable. I had a wonderful talk with a legend. ◆

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HAUNTED QUEEN OF THE SEAS
NICOLE STRICKLAND

Ghost Hunting With Mother Nature: Capturing Paranormal Activity

By Krystle Vermes, getspooked.net

With the rise in extreme weather seen around the globe, it's easy to see how Mother Nature is impacting us on a surface level — but what about in terms of the supernatural?

Ghost hunters will tell you that there is true connection between weather, astronomical conditions, and the paranormal. Whether there is a thunderstorm outside or a full moon, you can bet there is an explanation for how these factor into paranormal investigations.

Ghost Hunting in a Storm

So what is the big deal about ghost hunting during a thunderstorm? The biggest theory surrounding the paranormal and stormy weather is that the atmosphere is naturally "super charged."

During a storm, spirits may be able to take advantage of the extra ions in the environment. In turn, there is a greater possibility of them manifesting, meaning ghost hunters have a higher chance of capturing evidence of their existence.

For this reason, it may be a good idea to break out ghost hunting equipment during a storm, even in a place that does not have a reputation for being haunted. A digital camera, thermometer, or compass may yield surprising results.

Working Under the Moon

Similar to the thunderstorm theory, many paranormal professionals believe that a full moon can increase the chances of gathering evidence of the supernatural. One theory is that the air is saturated with positive ions during a full moon, fueling spirits with the energy they need to manifest.

All types of weather patterns are said to affect ghost hunting and the ability to capture paranormal phenomena, including full moons, new moons, thunderstorms, and humidity, etc. But is it all just a coincidence?

Others believe that the sheer gravitational pull between Earth and the moon is enough to draw out paranormal activity. However, there is a flip side to the moon theory — many paranormal investigators have reported a spike in activity during a new moon as well.

Although there is little evidence pointing to why this is the case, it is something that has been cited over time.

Solar Activity and the Paranormal

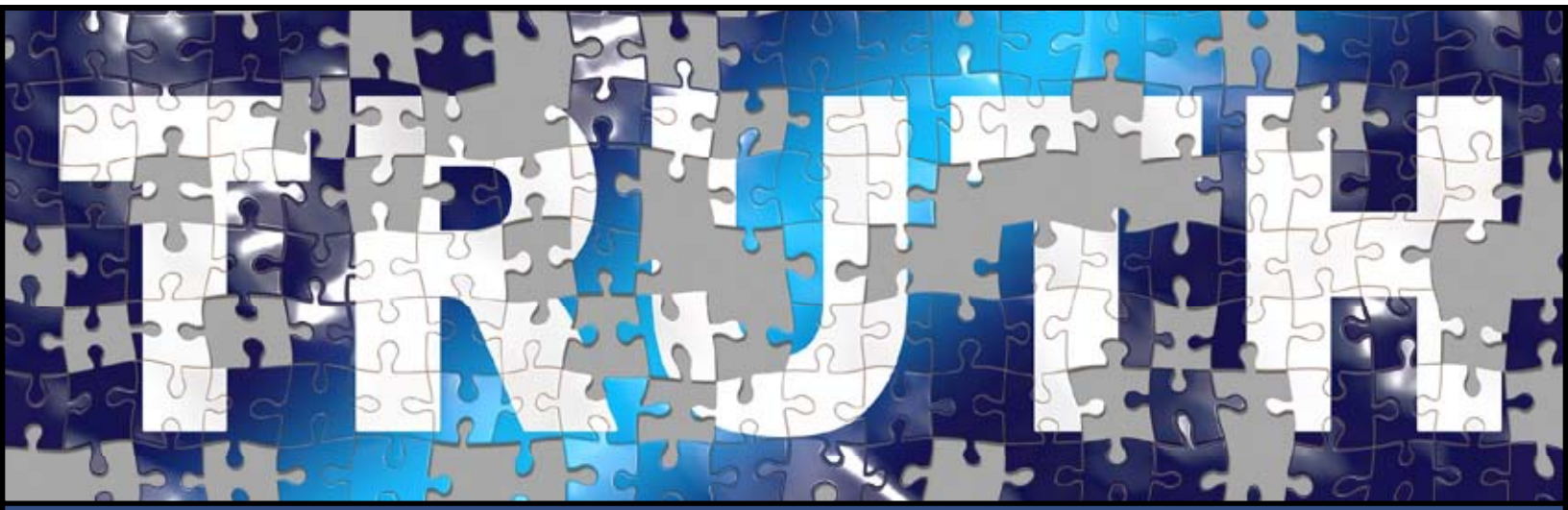
Believe it or not, some claim that solar activity can play a role in the existence of the paranormal as well. Sun spots, solar storms, and solar flares can all introduce positively charged ions into Earth's atmosphere. We already know that this can cause disruptions in our satellite reception and other earthly electronics.

Some people also believe that it can give ghosts the opportunity to manifest. Similar to the moon or thunderstorms, an instance in which ions are thrust into the atmosphere can make for the perfect ghost hunting environment.

Other Weather Factors

Other factors that are thought to play a role in the paranormal include barometric pressure, temperature, and humidity. That being said, the theories behind these catalysts vary, depending on the paranormal investigator you ask.

So should you wait to go ghost hunting until the evening of a new moon when storm clouds are gathering? Not necessarily. After all, some of the best paranormal evidence has been captured under clear skies. More importantly, safety should always come first, especially when dealing with inclement weather. Just don't shake your fist at Mother Nature if you're "blessed" with a few raindrops the next time you're out ghost hunting. ◆



ARE YOU A TRUTHSEEKER?

http://truthseekerhighway.com/

http://truthseekerforum.com/

DEATH PERSONIFIED

By Winter M. Balefire, WinterBalefire.com

Death is something most people do not want to think about, though it's something we all face at some point. The practice of personifying death has been around for hundreds of years. Possibly it made the idea of death less threatening or easier to understand.

Maybe some felt the personification would make death seem almost vulnerable and therefore something to overcome.

Here are some examples of ways death has been given a "face" by different parts of the world.

The Grim Reaper

The Grim Reaper was first thought to appear in the 14th century during the plague outbreak. This was not the first time death was given a face. Prior to the Black Death, artists drew death as an angel, such as Azrael.

The piles of bodies littering Europe quickly changed many artists' views, and a skeletal image took over. What better to represent the time, a body without flesh covered in a black robe, which was thought to be inspired by what religious figures wore during funeral practices.

Let us not forget the infamous scythe, ready to reap the soul from the body, just as a farmer would reap his crops. At times the scythe was replaced with a bow and arrow. The Grim Reaper continues to be one of the most recognized personifications of death.

The Plague Hag

The Plague Hag also appeared during the time of the plague. The Norwegians believed she would arrive carrying either a rake or a broom. If she chose to start sweeping with her broom, everyone in her vicinity would die. If she began raking instead, only a few would die.

In Sweden, the hag also existed. She would arrive to a home with a man behind her. If the man was carrying a shovel, everyone in the home would die. Some folklore tells of the hag being able to grant a quick death instead of slow suffering, or she could even be convinced there was no one in the home to take.

Dullahan

In the Irish countryside, there is the tale of the Dullahan — a headless horseman who rides quickly and

cannot be held back by locked gates or barriers. He carries his own head, still smiling and able to see his target with ease.

He will then hold his head up high and call out your name, bringing immediate death.

The Dullahan is also capable of striking you blind with his whip made of human spine. A way to escape this type of death is to carry a piece of gold with you. This is the one thing said to weaken his existence.

THE HORSEMAN CARRIES HIS OWN HEAD, STILL SMILING AND ABLE TO SEE HIS TARGET WITH EASE.

The Ankou

The Ankou is from Breton folklore. The last person to die in the calendar year becomes the new Ankou for the next year. If there were a high number of deaths in the year, he is thought to be more powerful.

His job is to patrol the graveyards, collecting souls to take to the underworld. Driving a carriage drawn by two white horses, one old and sickly and the other young and healthy, his head is continuously rotating around, making sure no souls escape.

The Ankou is believed to wear a black robe with a black wide-brimmed hat covering his face. Some stories tell of two skeletons that walk behind the carriage, capturing any souls that attempt to flee and tossing them in with all the others.

The Cu Sith

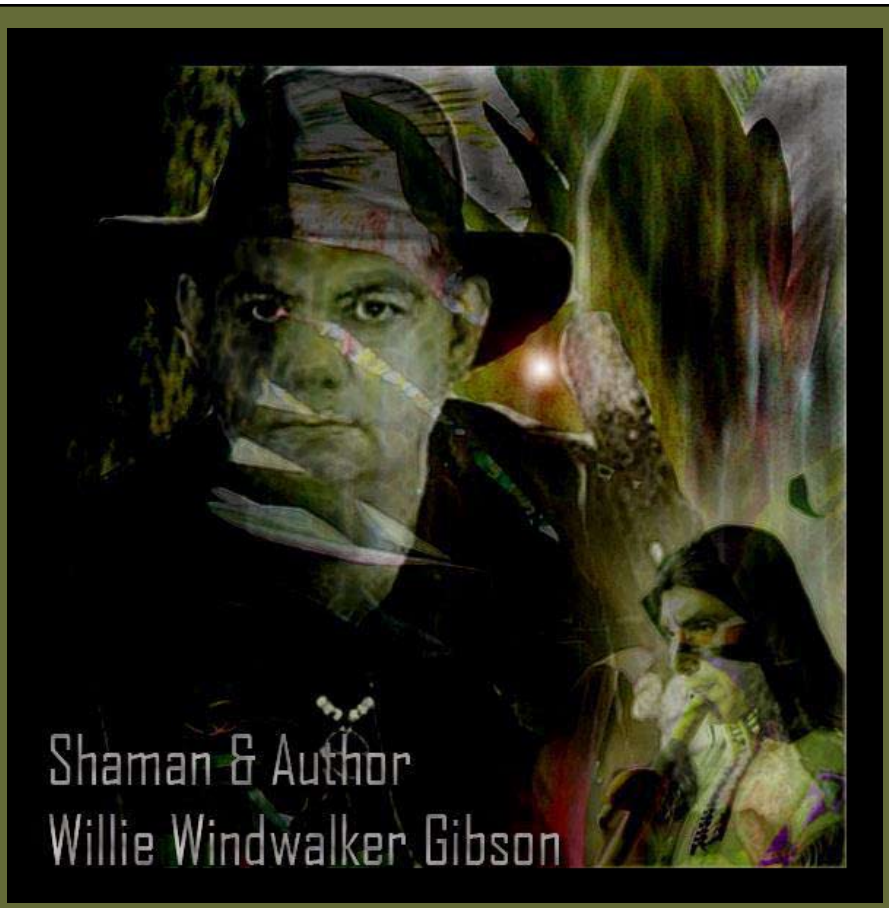
From Scotland, the Cu Sith is a non-human description of death. This creature is said to resemble a wolf but is the size of a small bull.

The fur is long and shaggy, and stories vary from describing it as either white or, more often, green. The tail was long and braided, and its paws were the size of human hands, able to charge at you with intense speed.

A distinct omen of the Cu Sith is its howl. If you hear the bellowing howl three times, you are sure to die if you cannot find safety.

You can potentially hide from the creature, though it is believed to be quite difficult because he is otherwise completely silent.

The Cu Sith's name translates to "fairy dog"; when death occurs, it'll bring the soul back to the fairy realm. However, if this beast finds a nursing mother, she will be abducted instead of killed and brought back to provide milk for the fairies. ◆



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Remembering the ... *Santa Rosa Encounter*

By Rainbow Radaelli, TruthSeekerHighway.com

Sometimes memories are locked away in places that aren't necessarily secret, but for some strange reason they are placed in obscure places, undisclosed even to us. A run of the mill day can pass by without any forethought or care beyond the expected, and then all of a sudden with no warning, we recall an experience that we swore to ourselves we would never forget.

It's moments like this that remind us we are not alone and sometimes there are unique encounters that change our world just by a chance meeting. It's these fleeting moments in time when we are taken from our comfortable existence and thrust outside the box of accepted reality into a world of unlimited possibilities.

To put it simply, memories changed my world. Not just any memories, but parts of my life that were remarkable beyond any definition of the word. Unfortunately, for me, up to a certain point these memories were purposely blocked, gathering cobwebs of forgotten moments in time ... but by whom?

These hidden memories came rushing at me like a broken dam, crashing into my subconscious one summer day when I was driving on the Westside of Albuquerque, New Mexico, in 2003. It was a day just like any other, with the exception of being invited to participate at a children's festival at a community center.

Strangely, as that particular morning progressed, I found it hard to prepare for my performance, because a headache came out of the blue, increasing in strength as the moments ticked by. It was a peculiar kind of headache, because it felt as if my head was going to explode, almost like my subconscious was trying to break free from something.

I could feel intense pressure from behind my eyes and at the top of my head. It was very painful, but I

Pictured above, Rainbow rides her horse War Bonnet, who she was riding in New Mexico when she met a Nordic-looking woman standing beside a saucer-shaped craft. Rainbow wouldn't remember the encounter until 15 years later, when an unusual incident occurred out of the blue.

forged ahead anyway as best I could and started the drive to the community center, excited to see the kids.

Time seemed to slow down a bit, and it felt as if I was held back by multiple lights turning red, one right after the other. I decided to turn on my dance music so I could pass the time better. While I was waiting at one of the red lights, a golden, yellowish dash of light literally rushed toward me and through my front windshield, blinding me for a second.

I felt tingly feelings in my head, and I felt an unusual pulsating rhythm of something foreign touching my body, taking it over one pulse at a time. A film strip started to flash before my eyes, showing me past experiences of being in spacecrafts and interactions I had with various ET races from childhood on up to adulthood.

Rainbow (pictured right) and her ex-husband, Kelly, pictured left, had an unusual ET encounter while in Santa Rosa, New Mexico.

As I sat completely paralyzed, something literally took over the car and drove me to the community center. The flashes of memories slowly faded away once I was in the parking lot. I almost thought I must have passed out, but that didn't make any sense, as I wondered how I could have gotten there in one piece.

It was all I could do to not lose my sanity right then and there. I was too shocked to cry and barely made it out of the car. Once I regained my composure, I walked inside totally frazzled, but I knew I had to act as if nothing had happened. Who would believe me anyway?

* * * * *

Later that day after I returned home from the center, tears filled my eyes along with the feelings of relief mixed with utter bewilderment. It was as if the illusion of normalcy melted away, along with my sense of who I thought I was. For a few months, as you can imagine, my mind was literally a confused mess.

Recounting each memory was like looking into a scrapbook of a forgotten life. They were surreal, comforting, and frightening all at the same time. I felt like a mixed bag of emotions, conflicted, numb, and exasperated. But after a while, each memory seemed to find its place within my transformed existence, and I was almost human again.

Subsequently, I was able to place certain memories into various categories that together started to fill in the gaps of my life.

There were memories that were extraordinary, and then there were some that played a greater role in shaping my life, even though I didn't know it. One such memory that I would like to share with you stands out in particular because it happened in a lackluster sort of place near Santa Rosa, New Mexico. The memory was unusual for the mere fact that it took place while I was working cattle with my ex-husband, Kelly.

Does the movie, *Cowboys and Aliens* come to mind? My encounter wasn't as action packed like the movie, but it was interesting in its own way.

* * * * *

It was around 1984 when my ex-husband, Kelly, and I decided to go and help out a friend who was hired to manage a small cow and calf operation on the outskirts of Santa Rosa, New Mexico. It was summer, and I remember the heat was really intense, more so because it felt like we were in the armpit of New Mexico.

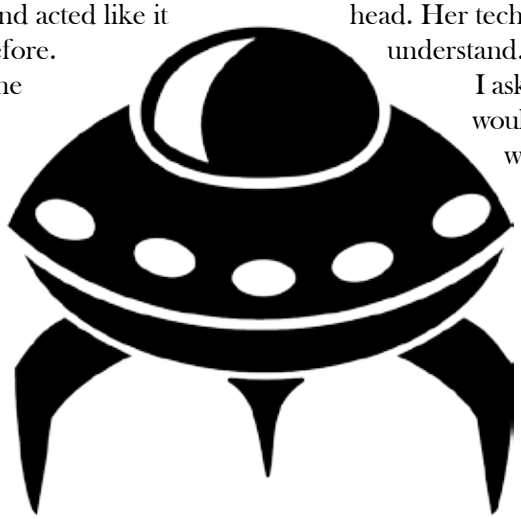
We pulled our caravan of horses, chickens, and dogs toward a corral that was on a dirt road, 45 minutes away from I-40. The welcomed sunset wasn't much of a reprieve from the heat, and the wind seemed to be nonexistent. The only bright spot about our campsite was riding out before sunrise and seeing the sun cast its first rays of light upon the vast open spaces.

One morning, we set out to locate some cows and calves we hadn't seen for a few days. It was already hot by about nine o'clock in the morning, and I was really uncomfortable and sweaty. We rode our horses around a

→

bend in the road that opened up into a large ravine. As we rode around the bend, we saw a saucer-shaped craft on a tripod that was about 30 to 40 feet in diameter about 20 yards away from us.

As we rode toward this amazing sight, we saw a tall, blonde woman standing next to it. I couldn't believe my eyes, but contrary to me, my ex-husband acted like it was a sight he had seen many times before.



As we rode up to the spacecraft, the woman waved at us, smiling, and we waved back. We got off our horses and walked toward her and the silvery-gray colored craft. The woman was beautiful, about six feet or taller, and wearing a grayish, silver body suit that hugged her figure.

Kelly walked over and started to talk to her, but I decided check out her amazing mode of transportation. I felt compelled to touch the craft and ran my hand along its smooth surface. It felt like stainless steel yet softer. But what I found most interesting was that it wasn't hot to the touch. Being that the sun was beating down on it, I found this kind of weird.

The blonde woman spoke English, and she told us that she was doing some repairs on her spacecraft. She indicated that the sun was a source of power for her craft. How ... I don't know. I got an invitation to follow her into the craft, but Kelly declined.

Once we got in, we had to crawl toward the center, because it was very compact. I noticed that the windows were small. I had assumed, since I was a *Star Trek* fan, that all flying spacecraft had to have big windows. She laughed and thought it was funny that I had issues with the size of the windows.

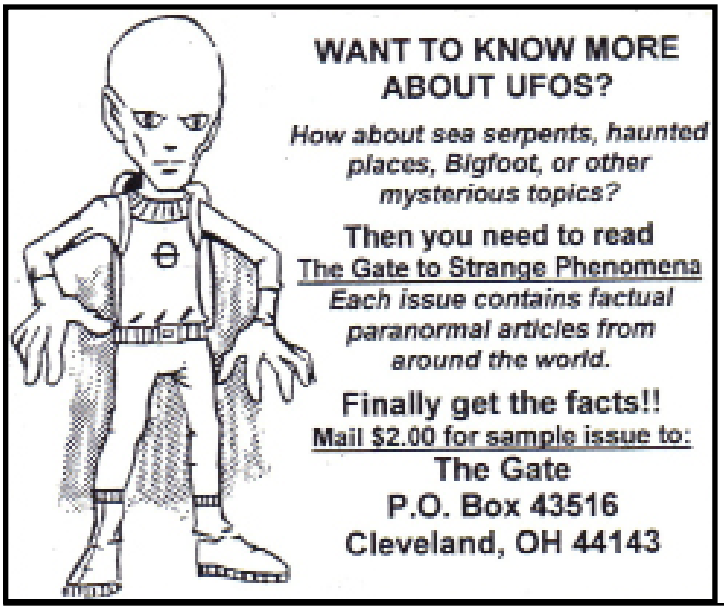
There was a silver-colored pillar positioned close to what looked like her cockpit, with one of its panels off. I could see the inside gadgets and different-colored lights, but when she told me how it worked, it went over my head. Her technology was beyond anything I could understand.

I asked her if I could go for a ride (who wouldn't), but she told me no, because it would be very uncomfortable for my body, almost like an out-of-body experience that would become very painful. She said the inside of the spacecraft wasn't suited for humans in flight.

I looked for another seat, and she sensed my curiosity. She said that it was designed for just one person. Her seat looked like a metal lawn chair that was positioned in a way that had her lying down slightly bent at the knees, an arm's length away from the control panel above. I didn't think it looked very comfortable, but she assured me it was, and I believed her.

When we got out of the spacecraft, Kelly was smiling and asked me how I liked it. I blurted out, "I'll never forget this day, ever!"

The blonde woman smiled at me apologetically and told me that she had no choice but to make me forget. I didn't understand what she meant by that and told her, as I became a little hot under the collar, that there was no way in hell I would forget meeting her and being inside her spacecraft. In my mind, I knew it wasn't even possible. Yet again, she regretfully said that I would forget, and just be-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fore I could get another word out, time stood still for a split second, and the tall, blonde woman became a blur.

Within an instant, I found myself back on my horse riding up on a ridge looking for the cows and calves. Kelly was smiling, and I was wondering what he was smiling about. When I asked him, he said, "Oh, nothing."

Our time together lasted six years beyond that encounter before we split up. I ended up moving on to another state. As time passed, I eventually lost contact with Kelly. By the time my memories came back, I hadn't seen him for about 15 years. I wasn't even sure I could find him so I could get some kind of validation that this encounter even happened.

* * * * *

In the later part of 2008, I was lucky enough to meet up with a mutual friend of ours who was planning on visiting Kelly in his home state of Texas within the coming week. I told him about my memory coming back, and he said he would be more than happy to convey my unusual question to Kelly for me.

ONCE WE GOT IN, WE HAD TO CRAWL TOWARD THE CENTER, BECAUSE IT WAS VERY COMPACT.

A few weeks later, I got the phone call I had been anxiously waiting for. Kelly told him to tell me the following: "I've been waiting all this time for you to remember and was starting to wonder if you ever would."

That one phone call, in many ways, changed my life just as drastically as that fateful day when my memories came back to me. I had so many questions for Kelly, like first and foremost, why was my memory blocked and his wasn't?

Kelly invited me to come visit him, so we could talk face to face about that encounter and many of the other things that I had remembered. Unfortunately, as fate would have it, I wasn't able to get to Kelly fast enough. He died a short time later in the first part of 2009. I could only imagine what those conversations would have revealed.

I realized something important from the one validation I did get from Kelly; that in the scope of things, what matters is that the memories came back to me and I'm aware of them now. But I must say, there is a part of me that would love to meet up with that tall, blonde woman again just so I can say, "I remember."◆

Maria Anna van Driel author of;
'The NWO, their thoughts…your life' It's time to wake up, we are the illusion
'Our mind in a controlled quantum Euclidean space?
Natural and unnatural energies as a global weapon for mind and behavior control
The NWO, their thoughts — Your life
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Investigating Heugh Gun Battery

By Elaine Kelly, Spectre Detectors

The Heugh Gun Battery stands on the Ancient Headland at Hartlepool, County Durham in England. And on Friday, December 16, 1914, at 8:10 a.m., the territorial force gunners of the Durham Royal Garrison Artillery were to see action in the bombardment of Hartlepool. The leading German battle cruiser fired a shell that struck aground less than 100 meters from the battery.

This marked the first death in action of a soldier on British soil in WW1. There is a place commemorating the event outside the battery. Ultimately, British soldiers defended and repelled the might of the German Navy. Today, the Battery is now a museum.

The museum had begun allowing paranormal groups to hire it during the night for investigations. At first this put me off booking it, as I like to investigate places never done before. But the headland is absolutely steeped in history, and I love anything war related. So, in 2016, as soon as they started taking bookings for 2017, I set the date, 14 months in advance!

The day finally arrived for my team's investigation, and on July 15, 2017, we arrived at the battery nice and early to set up our night vision CCTV cameras and other recording equipment. We were met by Ralph, who is a very well-known medium. He talked us through the health and safety procedures, as well as where we are allowed access to (which was pretty much everywhere except where the magazines and guns were kept). We were allowed entry, but Ralph needed to accompany us.

So, once everything was prepped and ready to go, we began our investigation. We started down in the bunkers; one side is dedicated to WWII and the other side to WWI. Some of the people in the group are psychic mediums, and they started to connect with the spirits linked to the bunkers. We also did a spirit box and Portal session and were given lots of names of those who were soldiers there. We also picked up a dog and a cat!

Entrance to Heugh Battery museum in Hartlepool Headland, UK. (Photo by Andrew Curtis via Wikimedia Commons.)

We kept getting the name Emma through the portal but couldn't get any further information, so we just assumed that it was a soldier's wife or girlfriend. We caught a photo of what looks like a person with a child on their hip via the full-spectrum camera. Was this Emma?

We also picked up the name Tommy, who apparently thought it was funny to scare people whilst they were down in the bunkers. Funnily enough, when we watched the footage back, the Portal device kept saying, "Boo!"

Whilst we were in the bunkers, I decided to play

some WWI songs, as playing music had worked really well on investigations in the past. This time was no different, and the Portal kept saying, "Good." And once the music had stopped, it said, "More."

Next we went to the Saracen, which is a six-wheeled armored personnel carrier, and we all sat inside it. This Saracen is reputedly haunted, and straight away we were hearing banging on the side of the vehicle. We also started to smell oil. Some of the group saw a man through the screen on a Handycam we were carrying.

Hannah (one of the mediums) started to feel uncomfortable and decided to get out. As she did, she spotted a cat walking across the battery. She went in search of it, but it had vanished; we later found out that it's actually a spirit cat and not many people get to see it. Not only did Hannah see it, once I had watched the CCTV footage later, we had also caught it on film.

The next stop was the watchtower. The first thing we noticed was that the CCTV camera was no longer on the stand but was now on the ground. Once I'd watched the footage back, it had been moved several times until it was eventually knocked off.

Inside the watchtower, we all felt very uneasy, and most of the group felt like they were swaying. Some of the group also started to feel emotional. Hannah picked up that there was something very important about the Morse code machine and that a soldier was blown up. He took a blow to his middle area. She then got the name Miller.

At this point, we decided to investigate the cafe. We did a spirit box session, and while we didn't get much, we did keep hearing what sounded like a cowbell. We also got some hits on the K-II Meter.

Our next stop was the reception. The spirit box session didn't return any results, so we decided to try the Talker II device, which lets spirits pick random words to make a sentence. We heard, "They are here," "Come on over," "Where we going?" "I'll meet you up there," "You're welcome," and "Do you want to come here?" Some people also felt like they were being touched.

Again, once we had watched the CCTV footage, we noticed that the camera had been moved again. Only this time it managed to stay on the stand. We later found out that the spirit in that room doesn't like new things; he even scatters leaflets.

Next we asked Ralph if we could go into the gun room, and he gladly took us in there. We didn't pick up much spirit activity in there, but Ralph filled us in on lots of info regarding the battery. We also told him of the various things that we had picked up, and he confirmed that they were all correct. He told us about Sgt. Miller and his spirit guarding the Saracen and that the Saracen had in fact been blown up. The driver was killed instantly, and the passenger was badly injured in the stomach area. He also told us about the spirit cat.

THIS TABLET MARKS THE PLACE
WHERE THE FIRST SHELL FROM THE
LEADING GERMAN BATTLE CRUISER
STRUCK AT 8.00 A.M. ON THE
16TH OF DECEMBER 1914
AND ALSO RECORDS THE PLACE WHERE
DURING THE BOMBARDMENT
THE FIRST SOLDIER WAS KILLED
ON BRITISH SOIL BY ENEMY ACTION
IN THE GREAT WAR 1914-1918

A plaque commemorating the events of December 16, 1914. (Photo by Andrew Curtis via Wikimedia Commons.)

A present-day view inside the Battery compound. (Photo by Paul Buckingham via Wikimedia Commons.)

Finally, we went back to the bunkers; this is where we heard a dog barking. There is a German Shepherd spirit, and, luckily, we caught it on Handycam. We also heard a man whistling a response when we did some calling out.

Plus, we spotted a bell hanging, which the soldiers rang if they smelled gas ... this sounded strangely like a cowbell!

So, finally, after six hours of investigating, it was time to pack up. The weather had been extremely kind to us, as the battery is very open and on the clifftops overlooking the sea. And the spirits had been kind also.

All of the evidence from that night is available to view on our Spectre Detectors YouTube channel. You can even watch the spirit cat.

Was Heugh Gun Battery worth the wait? Absolutely! We can't wait to return in 2018. ◆

'Were Zoo Book 5: Devlin'

By R.E. Butler

Q&A by Michelle M. Pillow, MichellePillow.com

Having dreamed of being an author since she first read *The Outsiders* by S.E. Hinton in middle school, paranormal romance author and *USA Today* bestseller R.E. Butler held onto that dream until 2010, when she declared to her husband at dinner one night that she was going to write a book and see what happened.

That first book, *A Curve of Claw*, sparked a love affair with writing, and she hasn't looked back. When she's not writing, she's trying to teach her Golden Retriever how to retrieve, hiding candy from her kids, and binge-watching *The Simpsons*.

R.E.'s fifth book in the *Were Zoo* series, *Devlin*, just released.

* * * * *

Q: In your book, *Devlin*, you explore shifters. What inspired you to write about this?

R.E.: This series — Were Zoo — is about a secret zoo of shifters who are looking for their mates. I got the idea for the series when I was sitting in traffic and saw the sign for the Philadelphia Zoo.

It was just a passing thought — wouldn't it be interesting to have a zoo full of shifters? And it just kind of clicked for me. I wrote the first story — Zane — about a gorilla shifter, and I fell in love with the zoo and all the characters. In Devlin's book, it's the first in the series to have a shifter heroine — Jenni is a lioness — and a hero (Devlin) who is human.

Q: What are your favorite paranormal shows, movies, and books?

R.E.: My favorite books to read are anything with shifters and vampires. I'm in love with JR Ward's *Black Dagger Brotherhood*, and Laurell K. Hamilton's *Anita Blake* series is what led me to discover shifters in the first place.

Paranormal romance author R.E. Butler has a soft spot for self-published authors, Ghirardelli chocolate, muscle cars, and men with tattoos. She says most people don't know that she has a tiger tattoo and an unhealthy obsession with *The Simpsons*.

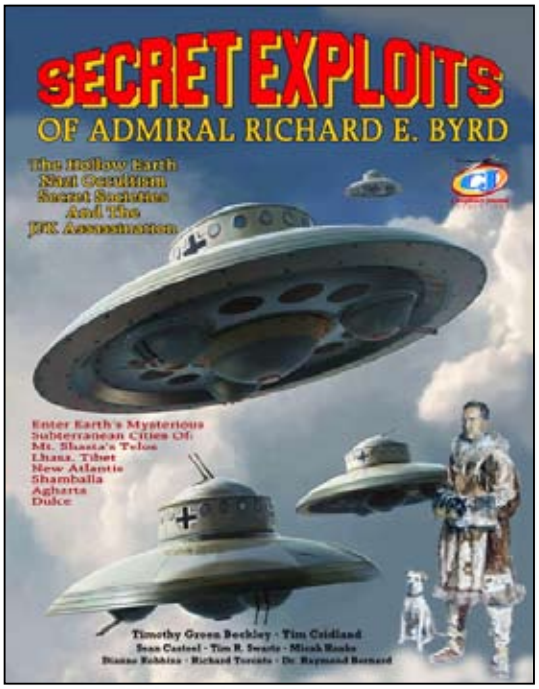
My favorite movies are *Underworld: Rise of the Lycans* and *Blood and Chocolate*, because Olivier Martinez as a wolf is my favorite kind of shifter!

Q: What kind of paranormal creatures do you wish you could meet?

R.E.: I'd love to know a person who could transform into another animal. I'd love to go for a walk in the woods with

→

DID ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD LEAD A SECRET "PRIVATE LIFE" AWAY FROM THE PRYING EYES OF THE PUBLIC? WHAT WAS HIS ULTIMATE INVOLVEMENT WITH THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY?



Several years ago a mysterious manuscript said to be Admiral Richard E. Byrd's Private Diary emerged. In it Byrd wrote about a vast ice free "paradise" beyond the Poles:

"We are crossing over the small mountain range and still proceeding northward as best as can be ascertained. Beyond the mountain range is what appears to be a valley with a small river or stream running through the center portion. There should be no green valley below! Something is definitely wrong and abnormal here! We should be over Ice and Snow! To the port side are great forests growing on the mountain slopes. Our navigation instruments are still spinning, the gyroscope is oscillating back and forth!"

During his career as an explorer, up until his death in March 1957, Byrd was considered a national hero. Besides exploring both Poles, it is alleged that the veteran Navy commander had come upon an entrance way that led into a Hollow Earth inhabited by a race of giants.

Rumor also has it that Byrd, during his 1947 expedition, was confronted by a "lost" Battalion of Nazis whose settlement was being guarded by a fleet of back engineered "Flying Saucers." And while Byrd's scientific team was supposed to stay for six months in this frozen region, his expedition was called off shortly after his arrival.

What is generally not known is that on one of Byrd's sojourns to Antarctica, he sought to stave off mutiny from among his crew by enlisting some of the younger members into a very secretive "Loyal Legion," which enabled him to clamp down on any leaks about his missions and discoveries.

And while the content of Byrd's "secret diary" is open to debate, researcher and author Tim Cridland searches deeply into the many shadowy unknowns surrounding Byrd and the Nazis as well as a previously undisclosed wrinkle: a closely guarded connection between JFK's assassination to the iron grip of those determined to keep the secrets surrounding UFOs and the arrival of ultra-terrestrials locked away from public scrutiny forever. This conspiracy involved members of a sinister secret group of wealthy and "well connected" individuals that included Lyndon Johnson, John Connelly and at least one member of Byrd's family among its ranks.

This book takes a wholly original approach to a great many areas of interest revolving around the concept that our Earth is "hollow," and that a vast cavern system, constructed eons ago, exists connecting various subterranean cities with their hidden gateways back to the surface world. Both benevolent beings as well as "denizens of the deep" are said to populate this hidden realm.

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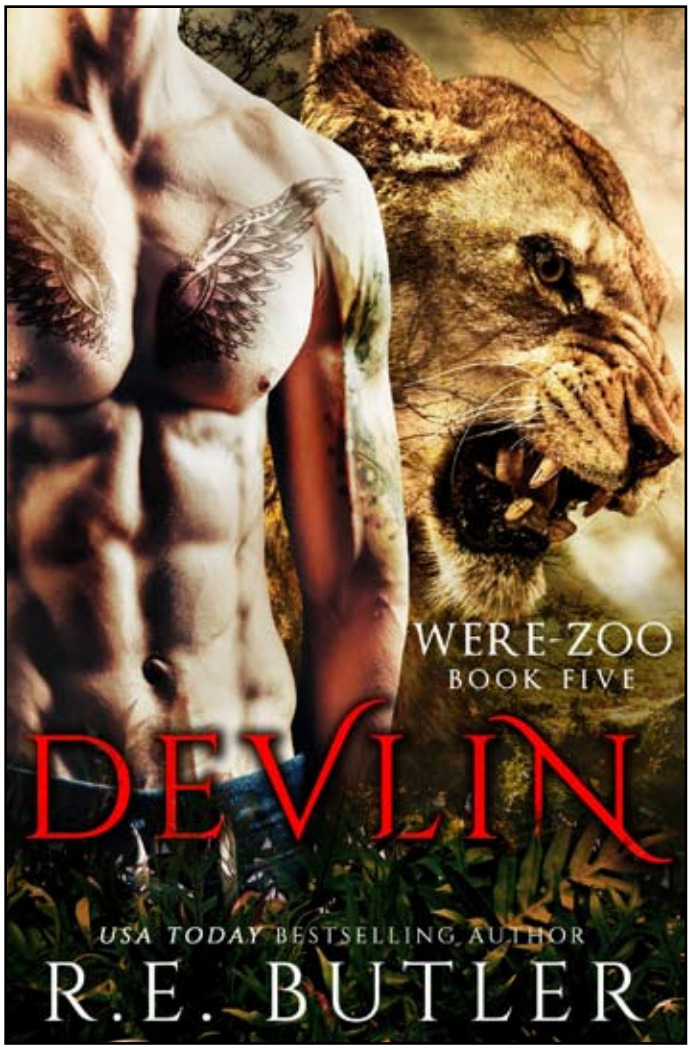

Author R.E. Butler got the idea for the *Were Zoo* series after spotting a sign for the Philadelphia Zoo while sitting in traffic.

a wolf shifter or have a tiger hunt for me and bring dinner. And I'd absolutely pick their brains for my stories.

Q: If given the chance, would you become Shifter?

R.E.: I'd definitely become a shifter if I could. A really cool, big shifter that had a group where the females were the alphas! For traditional animals, I'd pick a big cat, like a lioness or tigress, and for unusual animals, I'd go with a dragon, with big, sparkly green wings.

Q: How would you react if you came face to face with a ghost?

R.E.: I'd like to think I'd be really cool and intellectual, invite the ghost to have tea and chat about their life, but in reality I think I'd be screaming my head off and running away as fast as my legs could carry me.

Q: If you could be anywhere while writing, where would you be and why?

R.E.: I'd pick my family room, in my favorite recliner with my lap desk and a cup of coffee. When my house is quiet and I can really immerse myself in my worlds, I love it.

That moment when I stop writing and take off my headphones and realize I'm not walking with wolf shifters or eating dinner with vampires, that I'm just in my house ... it's the best feeling in the world.

Q: When writing a new paranormal world, what details do you think are most important?

R.E.: When I'm starting out in a new world, the first thing I do is create the characters and what I plan to happen in the first story and the series as a whole in a general sense. Then I build a setting around them.

Often, a series will start with a scene in my mind. I once envisioned a human man defending a wolf shifter female from a group of male wolf shifters who were intent on harming her. It was so clear in my mind that I knew I had to write a story for them — who was the guy and why did he want to save the girl, and why were those other wolves such jerks? The story became the first in my *Wilde Creek* series — *The Mate of Her Heart.*

Q: Do you like creating an overall world and multi-book plotline better than individual stories, or vice versa?

R.E.: I prefer creating multi-book plotlines the best. With a standalone story, the time invested in the details of the world are just for a one-time visit.

But my favorite thing is to really dig into a world and build a home for myself there, because once I invest the time to create a world, I don't want to leave it. Going back to that world is like visiting family. It becomes a part of me.

Q: If you could live in any world you created, which would you choose?

R.E.: For my own books, I'd love to live in my Ashland Pride series. The heroes are all mountain lion shifters who treat their mates like queens. The families are close and loving, and the shifters are some of my favorites to write.

For someone else's books, I'd love to live in Laurann Dohner's *New Species* series. I adore her *New Species* characters. They're so tough but loving; the duality of their natures is amazing.

* * * * *

To learn more about R.E. Butler's books, visit http://www.rebutlerauthor.com/. ◆

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The Last Train Standing (Chapter 4)

Excerpt from "The Curse of the Pharaohs' Tombs: Tales of the Unexpected Since the Days of Tutankhamun" by Paul Harrison

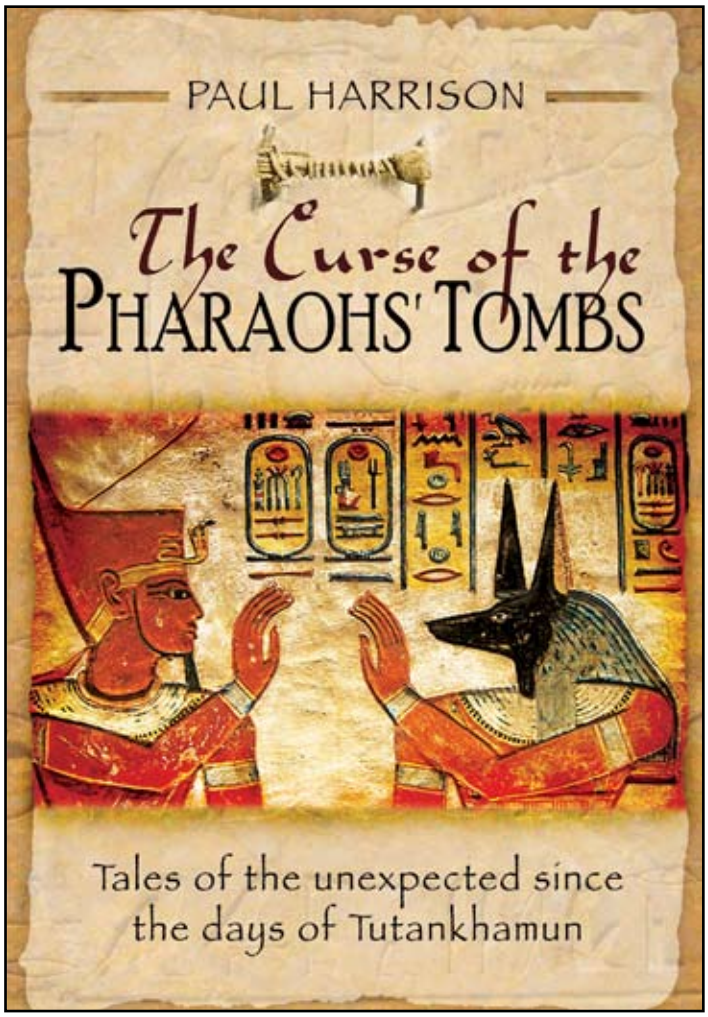
The history of the pharaoh's curse in the Western world takes an altogether more modern twist in the late 18th century with the building of British Museum station in Bury Place, which then sat between Tottenham Court Road and Chancery Lane underground stations on the then Central London Railway (CLR), now the Central line.

The family of Benjamin Brown, one of a number of laborers working on the building of the station and the underground tunnel system, contacted me after a talk I presented in London in 2008. They told me an incredible tale that had remained within the family ever since the incidents took place. This is the first time the story has been printed.

It is hard to imagine the abysmal conditions for workers during construction of the underground railway network. The dust-filled air, lack of natural lighting, and the foul smell from the unsanitary working environment was enough to make the hardiest of souls extremely ill. These were just a few of the issues facing this workforce on a daily basis.

In late 1899, as the British Museum station was nearing completion, some of the laborers working there reported strange noises echoing through the tunnels, sounding like distressed humans, calling for help. Dismissing it as distorted natural sound from the surface, the men continued working. Within moments, the sound grew louder, becoming clearer and turning into shrill, screeching screams.

One of the men was so disturbed by the sound that he downed tools and walked into the darkness of a tunnel. The rest of his crew stopped work and stood waiting for their colleague to return. Once the man had entered the tunnel, the screaming stopped and all was quiet. Suddenly, the platform and station area was filled with a cacophony of loud screams, which seemed to rush out of a tunnel

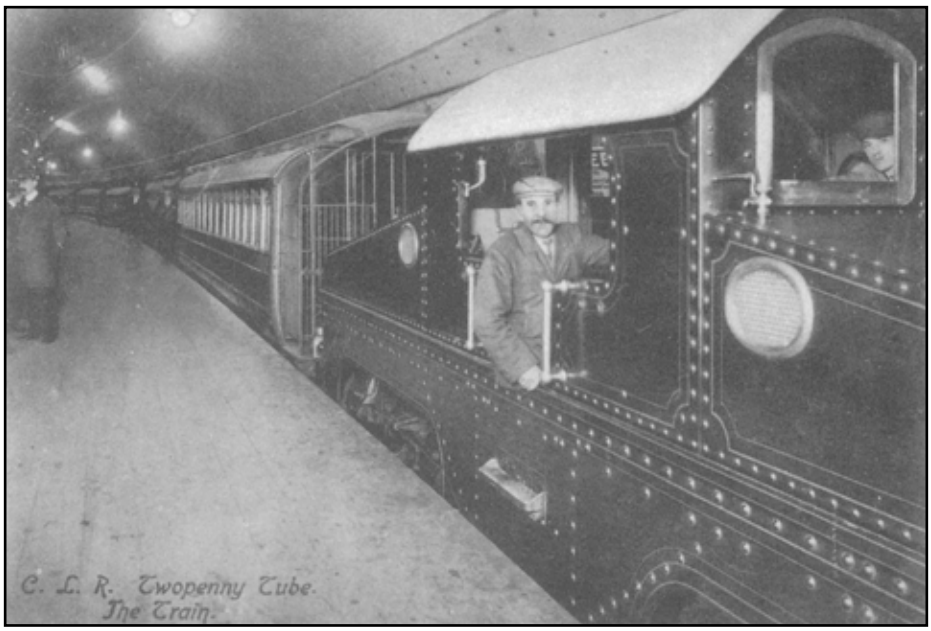


"*The Curse of the Pharaoh's Tombs* is the definitive book on Ancient Egyptian tomb curses, providing new information and data never before published whilst exploring the many incidents and deaths associated with tomb curses."

as though pressure was being released. The five men clamped their hands over their ears in an attempt to silence the noise, which persisted for several minutes before suddenly stopping. Terrified, the men began shouting for their colleague, who was nowhere to be seen.

Finally, after about 15 minutes, he emerged from the tunnel. His face was ashen and his eyes, wide open, stared directly in front of him. His hair had turned entirely white. The men sat him down, gave him water, and tried to calm his frantic breathing. For a few moments, the man could not speak, but he soon recovered sufficiently to describe what had happened in the tunnel.

The screaming had got louder the further into the tunnel he walked, until he saw a figure standing on the rail track in front of him. The image was blurred and appeared to be floating in mid-air! As he drew closer, he saw it was a man wearing a golden headdress, which he described as being like a crown, but taller. The headdress seemed to be alive; it was coiled around the man's head and was moving very much like a snake. The man moved toward him: He had no eyes, just dark holes where his eyes once were, and his face was pale and white.



A postcard for the Central London Railway (now the London Underground's Central line), showing a CLR locomotive with 1900/1903 stock at Shepherd's Bush tube station.

The worker was transfixed as the figure moved closer to him: Its hands outstretched and its long, bony fingers curled. Behind it he saw a procession of ghost-like apparitions in long flowing gowns, some wearing gold jewelry. The men looked as though they were slaves.

The first apparition stopped a few feet before him and turned to face its followers. It addressed them in a foreign tongue, and they stopped and looked at the lead figure. Suddenly, the figure raised its left hand and held aloft the head of a large black dog, with blood dripping from it. The followers fell to their knees and began to chant some kind of mystical incantation, which the worker felt to be a prayer.

Unable to move or speak, the man watched as the lead figure removed its headdress, which had turned into a writhing snake, before pulling the bloodied dog's head over his own and snarling and roaring! Without warning, a scream like that of a thousand cursed women began to fill the tunnel. The worker felt pain in his eardrums, which had started to bleed, but being unable to move, he could do nothing to dampen the noise.

The crowd of followers rose as one and disappeared before him, and the sound of the screaming moved past him and beyond toward the station platform area, leaving just him and the dog-headed being in the tunnel. The being moved slowly toward him until it was no more than a few inches from his face. He could smell the scent of death on its breath as it confronted him. Its eyes were black and like red-hot pokers searing into his own. Feeling he could move, he raised his hands to touch the head and try to remove it from the being, since part of him believed it was tomfoolery and he wanted to reveal the culprit.

As he lifted his hands to the snout of the being, it snarled at him, its top lip revealing blood-stained teeth and fangs. The worker pulled at the head, but it was fused to the human body it now sat upon. It moved forward, causing him to fall backwards, whereupon it sat on his chest. The hands, which had once been human, were now sharp claws. He knew he was about to die. As the figure looked down toward his heart, he closed his eyes and began to pray for forgiveness for all of his sins.

Moments later the figure was gone. It disappeared into thin air, allowing him to leave the tunnel and return to his colleagues. The man had no idea his hair had turned white, nor that he looked like a living corpse. He was taken to the surface and told to go home and rest.

Many of those who heard the story dismissed it as the product of exhaustion. Long hours in claustrophobic conditions could have caused the worker's mind to wander and his imagination to run riot.

A few days later he was found dead in his East London home: He had hanged himself. He left a note explaining that he felt cursed by the souls of those murdered and left in the desert sands. No one understood the true meaning

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The descriptions of the mysterious figure witnessed in the underground railway certainly resemble Anubis, the Egyptian god of the dead.

of the suicide note, and no one could explain why five other men had heard the screaming voices, nor why the man's hair had turned white, other than through fright!

A ring found in the tunnel was thought to be the worker's and was taken to him before his suicide, by Benjamin Brown. However, he declared it wasn't his and appeared terrified by it. The ring was in the shape of a coiled serpent, a snakelike creature. The man told Brown that he had seen it on the hand of the mysterious figure before it morphed into a wild human dog-like creature. He told Brown to take the ring back to the tunnel and throw it as far inside as he could. Brown told no one about it, and did as he was asked.

Over the weeks that followed, Brown left London and claimed to be possessed by an evil spirit that urged him to act in sinful manner. He would scream at invisible visions that he claimed stood before him and haunted his every living moment. He declared the worst of these to be a large black dog-headed man, menacingly holding a knife that dripped with blood.

Although this is an anecdote, the descriptions of the mysterious figure certainly resemble Anubis, the Egyptian god of the dead. When the British Museum station opened on July 30, 1900, only the handful of workers who had been employed there knew of the dark secret that existed within the tunnel. It remained that way until other sinister and unaccountable happenings began to occur there.

Reports of black figures being seen in the station seemingly continued for several decades, right up until the station was officially closed on September 24, 1933. One CLR worker told me of countless incidents when, late at night, people would see movements in the shadows that followed them through the station, which only stopped when they exited completely or alighted a train departing from the station.

One woman, who was standing on the station platform, described being approached by a foreign man who asked if she could help him find a ring he had dropped. He persuaded her to move to the platform edge. There she felt something pushing her from behind, forcing her onto the tracks. She screamed, and the figure disappeared; all she could hear was a horrible wailing sound that filled the entire station platform. Realizing she was alone, she felt in danger and ran back to the main concourse where she told the guard. Thinking her drunk or mad, he did nothing, until other travelers spoke of similar encounters.

On another occasion, a man who was alone on the platform was actually pushed onto the track. Looking up, he saw a figure wearing an ornate headdress, sandals, and a loincloth. He asked for help to climb out, but the figure stood with its arms folded, blocking his way. Running along the line he eventually managed to scramble back up onto the platform before any train arrived, and he left the station on the next train.

In 1912, three women came rushing into the main concourse hysterical; they had been terrified by what they saw. A man wearing a black dog's head had walked along the platform toward them. Thinking it was someone wearing fancy dress they laughed, but the creature snarled at them and tried to claw at one of women's coats. The women said the creature's breath smelt foul, like the smell of rotting flesh and death.

By 1913, for logistical reasons, CLR planned to close the British Museum station. Nearby Holborn station (opened in 1906) had made the British Museum station virtually redundant. The outbreak of the First World War delayed the closure, and the station remained open. The vast majority of apparitions or incidents at the station relate to a dog-headed man, and almost all reports mention accompanying laughter or cackling sounds and female screams like that of a banshee.

It wasn't long before supposition and imagination turned the incidents into something connected to the British Museum itself. It was suggested that the station was haunted by the wandering and restless spirit of Amen-Ra, whose mummy board was in the Egyptian Room.

Talk of an underground tunnel that led from the station to the museum was popular. So numerous were the stories circulating about the cursed underground station, that *The Times* newspaper offered a reward to anyone who would spend the night alone in the station. There were no takers!

The London Underground has always denied any reports or suggestions that anything sinister ever happened at British Museum station: "There are no ghosts, no dead Egyptian mummies, or weird dog-headed men roaming about the London Underground, nothing other than our commuters." Despite the denials, many people still claim to see and hear strange noises and sounds that are similar to the early reports, although now the sounds are being reported as being heard at Holborn station. I personally have obtained a number of reports of what can only be described as "Anubis-like" creatures being seen in the tunnels at Holborn and banshee-like screaming being heard.

Today's London is a multicultural society with all manner of clothing on display, so sightings of dog-headed men or Egyptian god figures are not as outlandish as they might once have been, although some do fit into the "unexplained phenomenon" category. I asked the Metropolitan Police for any official reports into such incidents, historical or otherwise. They declined to comment, which does not help our research.

With trains no longer running into the station, in 1935 it became the setting for a comedy thriller feature film, *Bulldog Jack*, which used the basis of the legend and curse as its storyline, including the invention of a secret tunnel from the station directly to the Egyptian Room in the British Museum! The film opened in April 1935, and on the night of its première performance, sinister goings-on were repeated. Two women disappeared at Holborn Station and were never found or seen again. The Metropolitan Police made no comment about such an incident, so there is no concrete evidence for the story. However, there does exist a story of a couple (Mr. and Mrs. Taylor) who witnessed the disappearance.

The Taylors had seen the women on the platform close to the tunnel entrance and had taken no real notice of them until they heard a scream from that direction. When they turned to see what had spooked the women, they were no longer there. Mr. Taylor walked down to where the women had stood but saw nothing, so later told a guard what had happened. A search party was sent out into the tunnels and, at the now-closed British Museum station, strange scratch marks were found on the station walls. These appeared to be claw-like marks, but of a size that was as large as a human hand.

By Jeff Dahl via Wikimedia.

After the official closure of the British Museum station, the infrastructure remained in use until the 1960s as a military administrative office and emergency command post. During this period, more strange goings-on occurred, with screams, shouting foreign voices, and visions being witnessed by many of those working there. A civilian worker complained so frequently of the screaming women that he was forced to leave his employment. Another man who scoffed and dismissed talk of the station being cursed, and denied Egyptian curses, soon fell ill and died from the effects of tuberculosis.

The surface station was eventually demolished in 1989, completely preventing access to the station from street level. By this time, all the station platforms had been removed, and the eastbound tunnel was used for storage by track engineers. The British Museum station is still mentioned or used as a backdrop in films, plays, and novels, and was featured in the 1972 horror film *Death Line*, the Keith Lowe book *Tunnel Vision*, and in the stage play *Pornography*. It is possibly London's most infamous underground station.

"The Curse of the Pharaohs' Tombs: Tales of the Unexpected Since the Days of Tutankhamun" by Paul Harrison is available on Amazon at https://www.pen-and-sword.co.uk/The-Curse-of-the-Pharaohs-Tombs-Hardback/p/12352. ◆

TIME SYNCHRONICITY:
1:11, 11:11, 2:22, 3:33, 4:44

By Paul Schroeder, SearchWarp.com/PaulSchroeder

Part of the alarming nature of the unknown is its mysterious link to the known. ... I awaken each night to a lewd exhibition of the merging. I open my eyes and turn to see the digital alarm clock, sitting on the lamp table next to my bed and see: 12:12, 1:11 a.m., 2:22 a.m., 3:33 a.m., and 4:44 a.m.

This distresses me so badly, upon awakening, that I cannot think beyond a wave of panic that SOMETHING is awakening me, with alacrity, as the calculated odds of awakening each night precisely at those specific times is astronomically impossible.

The message intended seems designed to throw me off balance and to keep me wrapped in fearful confusion, to let me know that I am being toyed with, but yields no greater insight. It has taught me that when I sleep, I wander amongst monsters and in beastly company.

Although the synchronicity of 1:11, 2:22, 3:33, has widely and hastily been attributed to positive or angelic energies, one's subconscious response to hearing a barely audible psychic "nudge" to glance at the clock, just at that time, reveals a fingerprint, a silhouette of an interloper. Eighty percent of the population is so saddled, unknowingly.

It is an unseen attached energy, of one who taunts and offers "peeks behind the spiritual curtain," but one who stays hidden. Nightmares, just as ubiquitous, are well known in paranormal research findings, as reptilian alien and demonic telepathic attacks, which characteristically awaken one at 3:00 and at 3:33.

Precisely like the characteristic three scratch marks, commonly left on spirit-assaulted people's arms and legs, the dark side uses three as a powerful rebuke of the Holy Trinity, regardless of whether one, under such attack, personally believes in that religious construct or not.

I feel resentment for the imposed confusion that such time synchronizations bring and realize that since most people are too afraid to think about predatory, masquerading entities, they too quickly assume that it's an elevated and angelic prodding.

The truth, however, is down a long hall and somewhere else, for research suggests that it is more likely that ubiquitous, prevalent gray aliens and insidious reptilians are to blame, our cosmic "keepers." The best game

wardens — never let the creatures within suspect that it is indeed a preserve.

Aliens, ever thirsty for our endocrines, were mistaken as vampires in the 3rd and 4th centuries. And, importantly, raw garlic works amazing well as an herbal repellent against these predatory gray critters, as it is reputed to similarly do against vampires.

Time coincidences, the psychic nudge to gaze at the clock, in a timely moment, according to cutting-edge UFO research literature, is tied to alien creatures who intimately and closely micromanage humans.

As interdimensional creatures who travel in time and who manipulate time, itself, their psychic prod to nudge our awareness toward such synchronous time numbers seeks to disorientate us, to raise unanswerable questions that loom and dissipate, and to satisfy their own proprietary, omnipresent need to meddle in our lives, and our consciousness.

I refer you to two, of many research sources, that powerfully suggest such time synchronicities, rather than coincidences, are instead a signature symptom of larger paranormal malstroms: aliens who abduct, and the interdimensional door left open after abductions that invites in the gangster fringe elements of the spirit world.

Beyond prevailing clinical belief, ETs can and do affect human beings. ETs intruding and tampering with us, too, often involves such numerical/time telepathic dysfunctions.

A book that discusses time synchronicities as an element of post-alien abductions is called *CE-VI: Close Encounters of the Possession Kind* by William J. Baldwin, M.D., Ph.D. It's an essential digest and a wondrous text. It asserts demon-like, in-dwelling possession by aliens within its 300 documented case histories that cannot easily be refuted or interpreted in any other way.

The second of many such books that discuss time nudges by aliens to their abducted "chosen," is *Encounters* by psychologist Edith Fiore, Ph.D., which describes time/numbers synchronicities as emotional and psychic "attachments" made by errant alien beings to humans.

Both research texts assert that aliens seek retirement "sanctuary" within our human energy fields and multi-layered human psyches. This innate alien-to-human-parasitic relationship, even within the seemingly well-informed UFO community, is barely recognized and poorly understood. These texts act as floodlights on flatcars to illuminate this UFO/alien darkness with time synchronicities as a tangential, emergent symptom of alien abduction.

Aliens invade astrally to abduct, monitor, and possess, to entangle their energies with ours to ride the reincarnation roller coaster of our auras, to give a new meaning to a silent invasion.

These two books, as research texts, are an education, in itself.

Many psychiatrists have now begun to understand

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these phenomena and to incorporate therapy toward this previously unrealized reality.

The razzmatazz of time with the clock's synchronicity, which involves an inner "call" to witness it, suggests other unconscious "pulls" on our minds, and behaviors, and is the psychic tip of the alien iceberg.

This nightly assault, a chronos-nagging tease, fills me with numb wonder and disabling awe, and when I do mention it to family and friends, they stare at me as if I had lobsters crawling out of my ears.

Paper is much more patient, than people. A reader wrote in and astutely commented:

I don't think that they are demons or evil. They are parasites, yes, but no more evil than a tick or a leech is evil.

They are without a soul, yes, which means that as with the human psychopath, they are fascinated by that which animates us and envious of that quality in us which is unknown and unknowable to them, so they use us as a narcissist does a mirror.

But first they must somehow engage our attention.

Time coincidences and other synchronicities are a standard ploy — to which we who become aware, attach angelic or demonic significance — either way, whether by fear or attraction, they lead us in a merry dance.

By leading the dance, by usurping that which animates us, eventually, to the point where they are able to control that which was once animated by a soul is their 'rush.'

The name of the game is: If I cannot be like you, I will make you like me.

—Jennifer Graf

Many who battle to shake off sticky and persistent ET gray and reptilian alien energies commonly have this persistent time synchronicity phenomenon.

Though they pilot highly technological UFOs, they yet walk unseen among us to seek to clamber aboard our energies, to tamper with our destiny and loom omnipresently behind our curtains, to ofttime prod us to look at the clock in a masquerade as spirit helpers or angels.

Humanity must learn to apply and assert metaphysics to dislodge them, like dogs who scratch off fleas.

We are wrongly and repeatedly told that these time experiences are "angelic" manifestations, "awakening codes" asserted by self-appointed mystics, however well-meaning, who prefer to remain drowsy and asleep, yearning for angels.

The mainstream public audience, in return, wants to believe that sanguine, Pollyanna angel surmise.

To see and awaken to see numbers in time that echo IS a version of an "awakening code," an awakening away from an unfounded optimism.

It is, in a fashion, an optimism: an hourglass quite half full — but, instead, of something that might kill you ...

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